

SOME OLD-TIME JOURNEYS

E. A. CRADDOCK

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OLD EAST INDIA WHARF AT LONDON BRIDGE

From the painting by Peter Monamy

(Chap. xii)

SOME OLD-TIME JOURNEYS

AN INTRODUCTION TO WORLD
HISTORY

BY

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PREFACE

These stories will facilitate the work of teachers in schools of all types who seek, in accordance with the recommendations of the *Handbook of Suggestions for Teachers*, to link British History with World History:

“ The course should make it possible for children to see such parts of our own history as are parts of world movements in due proportion.” (P. 417.)

In most instances, the medium employed is the description of a journey, real or imaginary, but always, in the latter case, based on recognized authorities and contemporary documents.

Each story is prefaced by a short note serving to place the journey described in its right perspective or giving such further information as will show the relation between the journey and the general history of the time in which it was accomplished.

In a note prefaced to the text, I have explained

my purpose to the boys and girls who use this book and thus endeavoured to equip them to get the utmost value from the stories.

The stories originally appeared in *The School-master* and I am indebted to the Editor of that journal for permission to reproduce them here.

E. A. C.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		Page
	TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO READ THIS BOOK	vii
I.	A TRAMP SHIP OF TYRE	1
II.	A ROMAN SOLDIER'S MARCH THROUGH GAUL	12
III.	IN THE WAKE OF THE HUNS	20
IV.	A VIKING VOYAGE	30
V.	A MEDIEVAL PILGRIMAGE	39
VI.	SPICES FROM THE EAST	49
VII.	WITH SMUGGLED WOOL TO FLANDERS	58
VIII.	AN ENGLISH SCHOLAR GOES TO FLORENCE	67
IX.	AN ELIZABETHAN VENTURE	77
X.	WITH THE "FORTUNE" TO NEW ENGLAND, 1621	86
XI.	A FUR-TRADER'S VOYAGE	94
XII.	ON JOHN COMPANY'S SERVICE	103
XIII.	TO SEA WITH A SLAVER	113
XIV.	FROM FRANCE WITH A SPY AND A SMUGGLER	122
XV.	FOR THE TERM OF HIS NATURAL LIFE	132
XVI.	TO CANADA IN THE STEERAGE	141

ILLUSTRATIONS

Facing
Page

OLD EAST INDIA WHARF AT LONDON BRIDGE	-	<i>Frontispiece</i>		
MEDITERRANEAN SHIPS OF 2500 YEARS AGO	-	-	-	6
A VIKING SHIP	-	-	-	6
A RAID OF THE HUNS	-	-	-	23
A KITCHEN SCENE IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY	-	-	-	52
SHEEP-SHEARING IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY	-	-	-	62
AN ELIZABETHAN GALLEON	-	-	-	78
COUREURS DE BOIS RETURNING WITH FURS	-	-	-	94
A PRISON HULK AT PORTSMOUTH	-	-	-	134
THE LAST OF ENGLAND	-	-	-	142

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO READ THIS BOOK

History has not been made by people sitting quietly at home and waiting for something to turn up. It is the adventurous who have made history — restless, ambitious men like Napoleon, men like Columbus eager to put their beliefs to the test, men who were not afraid to leave the safe, familiar things in order to brave the risk of things unknown.

Because it is not the stay-at-homes who have got things done, we find that history is very largely the story of movement, the journeyings of individuals, tribes, and even entire nations.

The earliest races seem to have moved in families and tribes from place to place in search of game or of pasture for their cattle. If we could write down the story of their wanderings, we should be writing their history and the history of the world in their day.

In course of time, most races learned how to till the ground. They had to wait for their crops to ripen before they could enjoy the fruit of their work, and they gradually lost their habit of wan-

dering in tribes. Other peoples, however, who roamed in lands where the soil was poor or the climate unfavourable for agriculture, remained wanderers, and some, like the Khirgiz people of the Siberian Steppes, the Bedouin Arabs, and the Blackfellows of Australia, are wanderers to this very day.

Although the time came when whole nations ceased to move continuously and settled down in the midst of their cultivated lands or in cities, journeying, of course, never ceased. There were always then as there are to-day numbers of restless men who were not content to sow and reap, or to dig in the ground for metals. Some wanted to gain wealth quickly, others to win glory by conquest, to escape from persecution, to seek adventure or new knowledge, or to make homes for themselves in happier lands.

It was for one or other of these reasons that Phoenicians came to our own land for tin, that Romans conquered all countries from Britain to the Persian Gulf, that Norsemen left their infertile shores to go pillaging and ravaging not only England but the greater part of western Europe. It was because they were moved by similar desires that Englishmen took or sent their wool all over the known world or journeyed with silks and spices from as far away as China, that scholars of the Middle Ages went to Italy in search of

learning, that Puritans fled to New England, that colonists left our islands to establish themselves in Canada and Australia.

You will see from even these few examples of travel and movement that our own history is linked to the history of the world very largely by journeys of one sort or another.

It has been the same with all other great nations; the history of one is part of the history of all, and to-day, owing to the speed with which news and people travel, what happens in one country may immediately concern the inhabitants of another at the farthest ends of the earth.

A great discovery made by a French scientist may benefit every person living in Australia. People in Italy may suffer because there is a bad harvest in Canada. A war in China may ruin innocent people in India. A strike in the United States may throw thousands of Englishmen out of work.

If, then, we would understand our own history, we must know something of the events that, happening elsewhere in the world, have changed men's lives here.

Now, this movement from one place to another has played a great part in altering the course of history. This book endeavours to illustrate that fact by bringing together a number of stories, each telling of a journey that has connected in some

way the history of our own land with that of the world outside.

Besides desiring to show the link between our own story and that of other nations, the author has another purpose in view in writing of these old-time journeys: it is hoped that you will learn from them a little about the way men lived, worked, and thought in the days when these journeys were undertaken.

CHAPTER I

A TRAMP SHIP OF TYRE

For many centuries before the birth of Christ, the Phœnicians, who lived on the coast of what is now Syria, were the great traders of the world as it was then known.

They established colonies and trading posts all round the Mediterranean. Carthage, the powerful state that for so long fought with the Romans for the mastery of the south of Europe, was originally a Phœnician colony.

It was largely through the Phœnicians that the world outside the Mediterranean became known. The Greek historian, Herodotus, speaks of a three-years' voyage right round Africa undertaken by some of their ships.

We have an account, too, of a certain Pytheas, from the Phœnician colony of Massilia (now Marseilles), who, about the year 300 B.C., not only explored the coasts of western Europe from the Straits of Gibraltar to the mouth of the Elbe, but even sailed right round Britain, where he found the people "simple in their habits and far removed from the cunning and knavishness of modern man".

Pytheas was something of a scientist. He knew how to fix his position by the stars and he studied the tides of the Atlantic. We must remember that his own sea, the Mediterranean, is almost tideless.

Now the Phœnicians had been visiting Britain for many centuries when Julius Cæsar landed in 55 B.C. In their day, the use of iron was practically unknown, and the most important metal was bronze, an alloy of copper and tin. There were abundant supplies of tin in Britain and it was to obtain these that the Phœnician ships braved the waters of the Atlantic. It is believed that they tried to keep their voyages secret in order to secure a monopoly of the precious metal.

Long before we have any written history of our islands, the Britons were regularly trading with the Continent and with the Mediterranean. Fragments of pottery, bronze weapons, and tools are often dug up which bear so remarkable a likeness to similar objects found in eastern Europe and even in western Asia that they must have had a common source. Merchants were constantly coming and going between our land and the rest of the world, introducing not only the manufactured products of other nations, but a good deal of the civilization of more advanced races.

When, finally, Julius Cæsar brought his Roman legions, he found in the south of Britain, at any rate, not mere tribes of savages, but people of quite considerable culture, skilled in weaving, pottery, metal-working, agriculture, and commerce.

The Ship

She could not have been much more than forty feet in length and she squatted on the water with only her middle afloat. Stern and

bow were much alike, and she could sail either end first, but spent a good deal of her time sailing sideways. There was a stumpy mast, crossed at its head by a longish yard, from which hung her only sail. At her stern was a steering-oar — perhaps two — working almost vertically and manipulated by means of clumsy tillers that sometimes jerked the steersman overboard. There was a deck forward and another aft. She may have had movable deck-planks amidships or hurdles that could be covered with canvas. Of that we cannot be sure. One thing is pretty certain: she leaked like a sieve, in spite of the thick daubing of Tigris bitumen that covered her inside and out. To keep her from sagging, a great rope encircled the entire length of her hull at the deck level, a rope that could be tightened by twisting a spar. Most likely she carried a few pairs of long oars to help her in and out of harbour, and a number of wooden anchors weighted with stones.

With a good following wind she might do five miles an hour. With the wind on her beam or ahead of that, she could do little more than drift. When the wind was unfavourable, she simply anchored in a handy creek or tied up in a convenient harbour and waited. Like the mouse that always runs round the walls of a room rather than cross the floor, she waddled round the

coasts of south-east Europe and northern Africa, ready to pop into a hole for safety if the wind blew too hard. On dark nights she went to sleep under the lee of some headland and waited till daylight showed the way.

Her Crew

The nine or ten men of her crew quarrelled and argued in half a dozen Levantine dialects, and sacrificed with broadminded impartiality to half a dozen coast-town Baals, to the Tyrian Melkarth, the Beirut Eshmun, to Istar of Babylon, Jehovah of the Jews, Sait or Isis of the Egyptians.

Captain and crew lived chiefly on coarse meal and dried figs, with fish when they could catch it, and goat and chickens when trade was good in port. There was brackish water in jars, and wine with a resinous tang in skins.

Wherever she called, there she nearly always found some wandering merchant ready to pay for a passage for himself and his merchandise. She was a Phœnician ship, but she had no prejudices. She worked for Greek and Egyptian, Libyan and Latin, Persian and Assyrian, Cypriot and Sicel.

All the islands of the Ægean knew her, and her crew were familiar with all the wine-shops in every Phœnician settlement round the Great Sea from Citium in Cyprus to Motya in Sicily and Massilia in Gaul. She was as much at home

in far-off Carthage as under the walls of Tyre.

It was from Carthage that she sailed to Gades, which men to-day call Cadiz, chartered by two rogues who absconded on arrival there, leaving in payment for their passage the bales of worthless straw and seaweed with which they had tricked the captain into believing they were merchants.

From Gades

At Gades, the farthest outpost of Phoenicia, facing the Atlantic, she lay for weeks while a south-east wind kept the straits closed to her. Captain and crew grew daily thinner and more despondent. They watched with envy the long-ships come and go independent of wind and tide, the great Tarshish war galleys with their six score rowers, and were nearly ready to sell themselves as oarsmen.

Then one day at the beginning of summer, when the Mediterranean sailing trade is slack because of fickle winds, the captain met a merchant who hinted at the possibility of a voyage northwards to Bratannac, the tin islands in the cold seas at the edge of the world. In the inns of Carthage, Gades, and Tarshish where ship-masters met, our captain had heard gossip of voyages made to these tin isles, tales of mist-enveloped seas swarming with great fish as big as a two-banked galley, which made the waters to

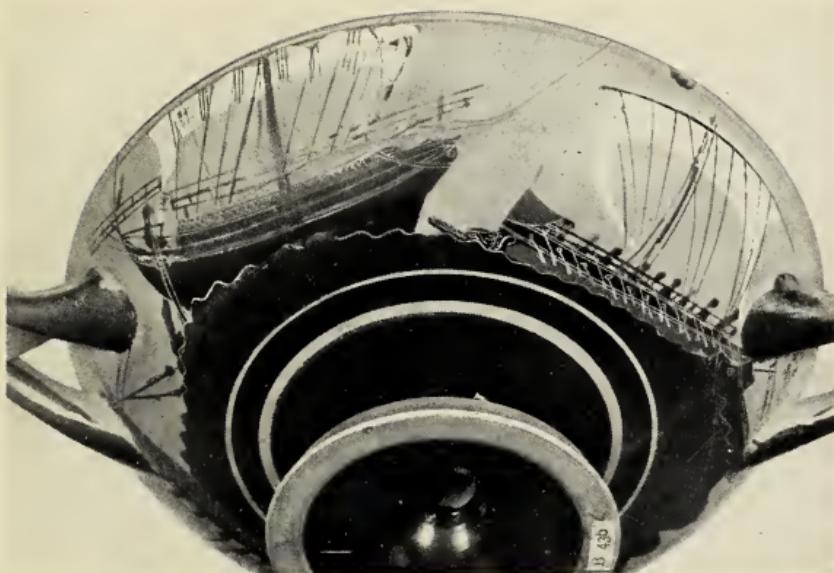
rise and fall on the shores by as much as twenty cubits between sunrise and sunset. There were yarns of currents so strong that ships with a hundred oarsmen could not battle against them but were carried helplessly over the world's edge, of fair-skinned, fair-haired people, tall as giants, who inhabited those islands, and who so little valued tin as to be ready to barter it for third-rate Sidon cloth or chipped glass beads.

The captain replaced with hardier villains the more timorous of his crew and bought secretly, out of an instalment of the merchant's passage money, a motley selection of trade goods which he hoped to barter for his own profit. More of the passage money, mortgaged at interest that would have made a Joppa moneylender envious, was spent on replenishing the wine-jars, in buying meal and figs, and in plastering anew with bitumen the most widely gaping seams of his ship.

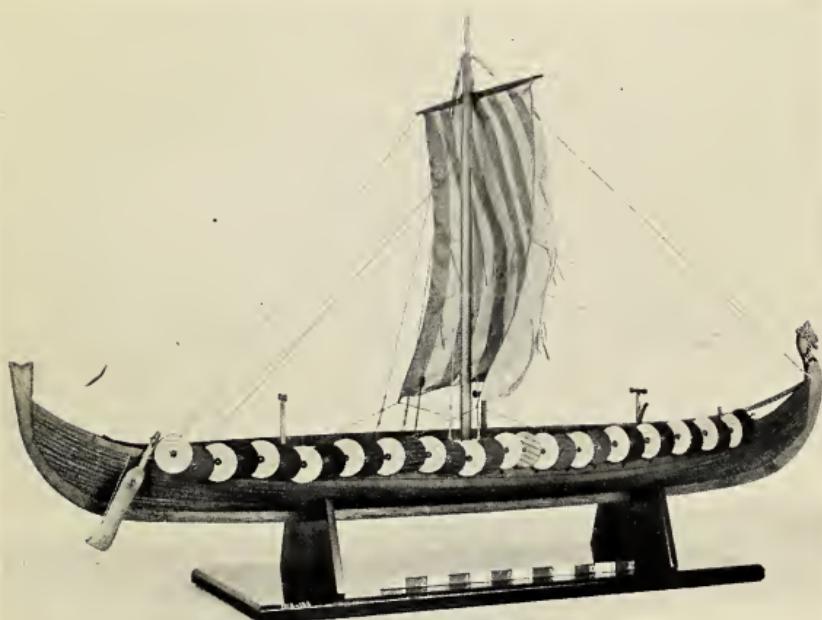
Northwards

For some ten days a south wind has carried the ship northwards, with the land ever in sight on the right hand. The nights have been fine and moonlit, the pole star, always visible, rising night after night ever higher above the mast-head.

A bay is reached where ships are at anchor. To-day we call it Vigo. The ships, from Gades and Carthage, are loading copper-ore and tin.



MEDITERRANEAN SHIPS OF 2,500 YEARS AGO



A VIKING SHIP

From a model in the Science Museum, South Kensington, London
(See Chap. iv)

There is little scope for trade here, for the ships with their merchant passengers have creamed the market. But there is to be had water and a fresh-killed goat, a live kid or two, and a score of chickens.

Reprovisioned, the ship sails on along the north coast of Spain with the high Cantabrian mountains ever in view. The wind veering to the north, she is obliged to run for shelter in Bilbao harbour. For a week the foul wind holds, a week not altogether unprofitable, for the opportunity is taken of bartering some bags of spices for a number of bars of that strange, hard metal which, red when neglected, shows white and shiny when ground on stone.

While lying there, another ship comes in, much battered and very leaky, but loaded down with a great store of tin. She has come from the tin isles, and her crew are tired but jubilant. Her pilot is a northerner from the isles. For a half-bale of linen and a bronze axe-head, he consents to transfer to the north-bound ship.

The day before the latter sailed, there came stumbling down the harbour track a swarthy man followed by three even swarthier slaves and two led horses. All were heavily laden. The leader bargained for a passage for himself and his slaves. He, too, wished to go to the tin isles, if the captain understood his signs aright. The man was a

wandering bronze worker. He made and sold bronze tools and weapons, brooches and idols. Some of his goods were ready-made. For the rest, he carried a store of bronze ingots with crucibles and bellows, moulds and patterns for making them according to local needs. The man had learnt that there was good trade across the seas and there, too, he would find tin in abundance to combine with the copper of which he had a store. So the metal-worker and his three slaves squatted under the fore-deck, were terribly seasick, and offered weird sacrifices to gods of whom even the captain had never heard.

The Tin Isles

For ten days the ship hugged a coast that gradually trended north-west till she reached the western end of all land, a point where winds, currents, and tide-rips were ever at war. That night a fog came down and blotted out sea and sky. Merchant and tinker, captain and mariners prayed and offered sacrifices to all the gods they knew, or had even heard of. When out of the clammy dawn the sun rose on their right hand as usual and the mist dispersed, they did not know to which deity to offer thanks.

The land dropped slowly astern and by noon there was none in sight. All that day and night they flopped northwards, watching the sun circle

the heavens behind them till it sank on their left hand and the pole star shone above the mast-head higher than ever before. Another day passed and then another night. At dawn on the third day they saw land, and by noon were gazing at blood-red cliffs. Had they reached the tin isles? But the pilot said no; for fear of missing the land altogether and so perishing over the edge of the world, they had gone too far to the right hand and must now move towards the setting sun. The wind still blew from the south and movement against it was impossible. The ship anchored. When the tide moved westwards, they went with it. When it turned, they anchored again; so, alternately drifting and motionless, in the space of six tides they reached a bay in which rose up a rocky island.

In the bay lay two other merchant ships from Tyre, and on the shore and cliffs were huts, and people with strange fair hair, dressed, the poorest in skins, the richer in crudely dyed cloth.

Next morning the merchant spread all his merchandise on deck in the sun. There was Tyrian purple cloth, stained at the edges so that nearer home none would buy it. There was linen both bleached and dyed, but of a quality unsaleable in the Mediterranean. There were bronze axes and spear-heads, knives and chisels, cooking pots of metal and of clay, beads of glass

and brooches of silver, pins and bracelets of gold. There were bags of spices and skins of wine.

Down to the causeway where the ship is moored, the people come in crowds to gaze at all the goods displayed. By signs they would have the merchant go ashore but he refuses, fearing the treachery that lurks in all ports where goods are valuable and men are greedy. Urged on by their women-folk, a few men come aboard and trade begins. They offer skins and bags of grain, fish and the flesh of beasts. All of this the merchant rejects. Tin he has come for and tin he will have. It is brought packed in skin bags, tin in powder and in nuggets washed from the river gravels. When there is no more of this, there come strings of ponies laden with tin ore, less precious because of the impurities it contains. And when there is no more tin, skins are again offered and rough pearls, antimony for darkening the eyes, lumps of amber, and masses of woad.

Meanwhile, captain and crew are driving private bargains in dark huts, bargains sealed with heady mead that makes the shipmen careless, so that they part with good bronze spear-heads for mangy skins, or sell yards of purple cloth for less than half its value.

Then finally, having fought a group of the islanders and lost, they return to ship-board a

man or two short, and have to haul off from the causeway for fear of further killing.

There they lie till a pilot can be found and the north wind blows for them so that they may go home. They lie cursing the voyage, cursing the merchant who, guarded by his slaves, sits on his bags of wealth and gloats over his tin that fills the hold, cursing the islanders, the wind, the fogs, the roaring tides, cursing the gods of these northern people, and vowed, as sailors have ever since vowed, to leave the sea for good once they moor their ship again under the walls of Tyre.

CHAPTER II

A ROMAN SOLDIER'S MARCH THROUGH GAUL

At the time of the story told here, the Roman Empire was extending in all directions, and less than a hundred years later, in the days of the Emperor Hadrian, it had reached perhaps its highest power and its greatest extent. It was Hadrian, you will remember, who ordered the building of the great wall across Britain from the Tyne to the Solway to keep out the Picts. The fringes of the Empire had many such barriers to restrain the savage races which Rome did not trouble to conquer.

In Hadrian's time, the Roman Empire stretched from Britain in the west almost to the Persian Gulf in the east; from the Baltic in the north to the Sahara in the south.

Wherever the Romans penetrated, they took with them their civilization, and in course of time practically the whole of Britain was Romanized. It must not be forgotten, of course, that they took a long while to do it. They were here for something like 400 years, that is to say, as long a period of time as from the accession of Henry VIII to the present day.

Britain to the Romans was a mere outlying part of the Empire. They probably regarded it much as Englishmen a hundred years ago regarded Canada or Australia. But this did not prevent them from

civilizing the country very thoroughly indeed, continuing in it the wonderful system of roads that linked all parts of the Empire to Rome. "All roads lead to Rome" we say to-day, and this was especially true at the period with which we are dealing here.

Like most of the hundred men in his particular company, he came from Galatia, in what is now Asia Minor. The old reservists who drilled him and bullied him insisted on calling him Marcus, pretending that his own name was too uncouth for their Roman tongues.

He accepted the name as he accepted all the other trappings that Rome laid on his shoulders. After all, he was now a Roman citizen, though as far as he could see or understand when first enrolled, the only privilege that his citizenship conferred on him was the right to be killed in fighting for things that were no concern of his.

* * * * *

To Marcus, Rome and road now seem synonymous. The few years that have passed since his enlistment have been fertile in new sights and new experiences. He has traversed, though he does not realize it, practically the whole of southern Europe. There has been a little fighting, but not much. He has helped to repress minor outbreaks, here and there, of tribes of whom he had never previously heard. He has gone into

winter quarters four times, on each occasion in a different place. He has been in garrison at certain isolated outposts. He has never been to Rome. One of the reservists in the company boasts that he has been there and is eloquent concerning the wine-shops, but no one believes him. It is certain the centurion has never seen the city, being himself a Galatian who knows just enough Latin to give and receive orders.

Marcus has been marching on and off for nearly five years. If ever he thinks of Rome at all, he pictures it as a vast road-junction, a place from which radiate all those paved routes on which he has worn out so many pairs of nailed sandals. At this road-junction there are probably temples and taverns very similar to those which stand at the other road-junctions where the legion halts and waits for orders. Everywhere that Marcus goes, men seem to be building. What they build in one place is always apparently a replica of what he had seen being built at the previous halt.

Although Rome means incomprehensible speech, new gods to worship, strange clothes, heavy armour, unfamiliar weapons, it means, in the main, *roads*. Marcus is not grumbling at the roads as roads. He acknowledges that they are good roads. The worst thing about them is that they are interminable and that they seem

to be leading farther and farther from Galatia, from his kinsfolk, and from the food to which he was accustomed.

But if on the material side life as a Roman citizen and soldier errs in being too closely associated with roads, spiritually it holds compensations. This Galatian, nicknamed Marcus, has within him a growing pride in his Romanization. When a turn in the everlasting road shows him a glimpse of the legion on the march, satisfaction glows within him at the consciousness that he is a unit in that glittering and imposing array. He feels, not without some pricking of the conscience perhaps, that the shaggy, diversely clad peasants of his ever-receding Galatia were a scratch lot compared with this marching Rome.

His is not one of the crack legions, and the particular cohort in which Marcus tramps through the Empire is regarded by the military tribunes as better fitted for the rear ranks on inspection days; but even Marcus can never see the 6000 men of the legion swinging along together without experiencing a tingling of pride. Like many nations before and since, Rome exploits this emotion, and it never occurs to simple Marcus from Galatia, now on his way up the Rhône valley, that glittering standards, shrill trumpets, leopard-skin mantles, plumed helmets, and coloured cloaks are as efficacious in restricting his

freedom as were the chains of the galley-slaves who had rowed him across the Bosphorus. When crouching on the ground beneath his shield, helping to form the famous "tortoise", and even while wondering whether his may be the spine that will crack beneath the weight of horse and chariot dragged across the interlocked shields to test their cohesion, Marcus can ask himself what they would say to *that* in the village of his birth and upbringing. He has come to a stage at which, like a much more celebrated man of his time, he is ready to boast that he is *a Citizen of no mean City*.

The Rhône Valley

The legion has crossed the Alps from Turin by the Cottian Way and has reached Arles. Here flows the Rhône. And here still is Rome, the Rome of roads, temples, theatres, arenas, baths, aqueducts, columns, statues, and wine-shops; the Rome of soldiers, administrators, lawyers, orators, gladiators, slaves, and merchants. There is, however, a something here that reminds our Marcus of home—dark-skinned men, certain familiar turns of speech, shy worship of familiar gods, curses and oaths that awaken memories. Many of these people, although he does not know it, are descendants of those same Tyrian traders who long ago bought, sold, and transported

merchandise in every Mediterranean country, and trafficked in his own Galatia. Here was once an outpost of Tyre. But all these folk are Romans now and their ships are on the Roman Sea at Massilia, their barges on the Roman Rhône at Arles, carrying great cargoes of tin brought across Roman Gaul via Roman Bologna, Roman Lutetia, Roman Lugdunum from what will soon be, Marcus hears, Roman Britannia.

The Northward March

The legion moves on northwards by the great road in the valley of the great river. From time to time it halts in cities, where it is welcomed in sonorous Latin by dignified Gauls, who may indeed be senators of Rome. It camps four-square outside hamlets where the villagers stammer and stumble over the Latin speech. Marcus prefers the villages. He can fraternize with the people there and feel strangely at home. If he but knew it, he *is* at home. He is one of the same race. His own Galatia was a Gaulish colony three hundred years before his time. The children will come hanging round the camp, begging for souvenirs and small coins. Like all soldiers before and after him, Marcus will teach them soldier slang. With a grin, he will declare that *testa* (a tile), instead of *caput*, stands for head, that *caballus* (a sorry nag), instead of *equus*, means

a horse. He little dreams that the seed he and others sow thus will bear real fruit and that the descendants of these misguided children will use *tête* and *cheval* in the place of words of greater dignity and higher lineage.

Claudius

For weeks the march goes on. It reaches Lugdunum, which to-day is Lyons. Here is stationed the famous garrison of two cohorts (1200 men) who, the Romans boast, keep in order the whole of Gaul. Here Marcus sees in person the divine Emperor of Rome, Claudius himself, born in this very city, married to the shameless Messalina, Claudius the family fool, who is to add Britain to the Empire. From Lugdunum through Cabillonum (Châlon-sur-Saône) the legion strikes north-north-east to relieve troops on the Rhine. Though Romanized Gaul may be held by a mere 1200 men, this Rhine frontier demands great garrisons. A winter is spent in the Colonia, which we know as Cologne, then the legion is on the move again.

Claudius is about to invade Britannia and it is to cover the expedition that the legion in which Marcus is still marching traverses the flat, misty plains, the marshes, the bare chalk-downs, and the sandy dunes between Cologne and Boulogne.



There it was that Marcus first saw the grey cold waters of the northern sea. It was there, too, that his long march ended and he received that thin bronze plate inscribed with his record of service and evidence of his discharge. His name is given as *Marcus*; indeed, he can hardly remember what it was before he became a Roman. Marcus it shall remain.

He has handed in to store his *hasta*, the long pike which, as a veteran on the last march, he has carried from Cologne. He returns his armour, his shield, his helmet, and his sword. With unaccustomed lightness of body, he sets out to retrace his steps.

He had marched from Galatia to northern Gaul, all the way on a Roman road. As a bird flies, he is 2000 miles from home, and that bird would never once cross land that is not part of the Roman Empire.

Two thousand miles of road if he is to reach Galatia! Too much! Marcus settles in Gaul, a Galatian, but as good a Roman as anyone else.

CHAPTER III

IN THE WAKE OF THE HUNS

It is believed that the Huns originally came from north-eastern Asia, and it was to hold them in check that the Great Wall of China was built about 300 years B.C.

They spread westward and gradually made their way into Europe, which they terrorized for a long period, till Attila, the *Scourge of God*, their last great chief, was defeated in Gaul in the year A.D. 451.

Many years before this, however, the Goths, the Burgondes, Vandals, and other savage tribes from northern Europe had reached and ravaged the Roman Empire. In 410, Alaric, the chief of the Goths, had actually sacked the city of Rome itself, and it was to repel the attacks of these hordes that the Roman legions were withdrawn from Britain and elsewhere about the same time.

Many of the Goths had at this period acquired a considerable degree of civilization and had settled down on the fringes of the Empire and become Romanized.

The attacks of the barbarian Huns completed the work begun by the Goths, and the great Empire, already shaken and tottering, finally crashed.

The presence of the Huns was felt not only in

southern Europe. Tribes along the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea were influenced too, and the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes who invaded Britain were no doubt compelled to seek conquests overseas by the pressure of the Huns in the lands farther east.

With the fall of the Roman Empire began what we call the Dark Ages. Many nations lapsed into semi-savagery. The wonderful civilization of Rome (which had earlier absorbed the equally wonderful civilization of Greece) seemed entirely lost. The superb architecture, the painting, sculpture, literature, the code of laws, all that Rome had given to the world, was buried for many centuries, and man had to create anew what had been lost under the overwhelming tide of barbarian invasions.

It is said that in our own country, for example, in such matters as building, communications, engineering, sanitation, and so on, we did not reach till about a hundred years ago, the stage of civilization acquired by the Romans and destroyed by the barbarians 1400 years earlier.

His name was Almanric and 1500 years ago he cultivated a smallish farm somewhere between the Danube and the Drave in the south-west of what we call the Hungarian Plain. We, to-day, would say he was an Ostrogoth. He probably would have been less positive about his race. He knew vaguely that long, long before, his people had come from the colder north and his fair skin and blue eyes marked him out from the

swarthier Romans who represented authority. Unmindful of his origins, he, too, called himself Roman. His father, however, had been Goth enough to be with Alaric at the sack of Rome in 410, and his grandfather remembered how *his* father had ravaged Greece. Men of his own race now held lands from the Danube to the Bay of Biscay. Other peoples from the same Germanic regions as the Goths were occupying other fringes of the Empire. For centuries, the barbarian tide had been beating itself against the outer shores of Rome, gaining a little ground here and submerging wider tracts elsewhere. The Alemanni, the Burgondes, and the Suevi maintained themselves in such parts of Gaul and Germania as were not occupied by the western Goths. The Vandals had invaded Italy itself and now threatened the southern frontiers of the Empire from their bases in north Africa.

The great Empire, though divided into two parts, the one based on Rome the other on Constantinople, could still work the miracle that had made her great. She could still absorb her conquerors, imposing on them her institutions, her civilization, her religion. Almanric, a Goth, the son of Goths, cultivated his little farm between Danube and Drave with implements of Roman fashioning, dressed himself in Roman clothes, bought and sold with Roman coins, fought with

Photo. Vernaci



A RAID OF THE HUNS

From the painting by Ulpiano Checa

Roman weapons, obeyed Roman laws, and worshipped Christ in a Roman church.

Such precarious peace as is to be found on borderlands reigned where Almanric lived.

Attila

Then the mutterings of the storm were heard. Rumour spread that the Huns were on the move again. Their age-long migration westward had been arrested for an instant while the hordes of Attila, the "Scourge of God", batten on the rich feast provided by the rotting carcass of the eastern Empire. Theodosius, the Emperor, had sat trembling in his capital, Constantinople, while the Huns, having sacked his cities and devastated his fields, squatted round his borders holding out their greedy hands for the yearly tribute. Theodosius paid them, money wrung from his ruined people, jewels sold in the open market-place by patrician ladies to pay the crushing taxes. In Attila's coffers lay 6000 pounds weight of gold (say a quarter of a million of our money) squeezed from Theodosius. Every year 2100 pounds of gold, the price of immunity from further ravages had to be paid over with humility in exchange for insults and jeers. From the Great Wall of China to the Danube, succeeding generations of Huns had carried out the procedure brought to perfection by Attila. But now

the Constantinople orange had been sucked dry and the Huns were on the move again.

The Host

Almanric, watching his green corn ripen, saw the fugitives crowding along the road through his village. Day by day, the procession thickened, and as each new contingent passed, the tale of horror grew. Almanric was no fool. He was of raiding stock himself, and knew by instinct what a Hunnish march would mean. His own wife and children, packed into a cart with household treasures, joined the fleeing throng. He himself would stay. His farm was all he had. Perhaps the Huns would pass him by.

Great storms of wind and rain harassed the hurrying crowds, a sure indication that the Huns were pressing forward. Everybody knew they had power over the elements themselves. The storm passed. Soon the horizon was veiled in smoke, and by night the glare of fires reddened the clouds. Almanric sought sanctuary in the church. The fiends sometimes respected churches from superstitious fear of unknown gods.

From the tower he looked over the plain, covered as far as the eye could see with a solid mass of moving figures. From the forefront of the host, groups of horsemen from time to time detached themselves to chase some limping fugi-

tive, round up straying cattle, or fire an abandoned farm.

Soon the church was surrounded by such a group and from his hiding-place Almanric saw Huns for the first time. He shuddered as he looked at the bestial faces, their swarthy skin, high cheek-bones, snub noses, and beady, deep-set eyes. He saw the scars cut in their cheeks in infancy so that no beard might grow, the long canine teeth with which, men said, they tore the flesh of babes, the thick necks, the broad shoulders, the short yet powerful arms, the bandy legs that curved round the flanks of their swift and ill-kempt ponies. Between their thighs and their saddle were gobbets of raw, red flesh carried thus to be warmed if not cooked. Great clasps and pins of pure gold held together their rags of filthy linen clothing. Their goat-skin leggings and rough hide shoes were decked with gold and pearls. Gold rings and buckles ornamented their bridles and their saddles. Some had spears tipped with polished bone. Others carried sturdy bows, long iron swords; others again had javelins and slings.

The Desert

They battered down the church doors by backing their horses against them. They rode into the sanctuary itself, seized the consecrated

plate and vestments, beat the trembling priests, but respected the altar and, luckily for Almanric, made no attempt to climb the tower, perhaps because it would have meant dismounting from their horses. These men ate, drank, parleyed, and slept on horseback, and appeared deformed when they set foot on the ground.

After having looted the church, they went on again. By this time, the main body was flowing past the tower. Hundreds of great creaking wagons went by, some of these were immense platforms drawn by twenty yoke of oxen, and on them the houses of the chiefs were built. The faces of women and children looked out from filthy cart-tilts patched with gorgeous silks and velvets torn from sacked palaces and villas. Other wagons followed laden with great rafts for crossing rivers, with siege catapults and other engines of war, with stores and gear of every kind. Behind these came crowds of slaves, vast herds of cattle, and spare horses.

Almanric saw his own few cattle driven to swell the moving herds. He saw his green corn disappear, as if by magic, as the tide passed over it. He saw his ricks torn down to feed the myriad beasts. He saw his precious roots grubbed up by children and slaves and thrown into passing wagons, and, as the horde moved on, he saw the lighted straw thrown into his open doorway and

the blazing torch thrust into the thatch of his farm.

An hour later, he was as poor as when he was born.

On the morrow, from his watch-tower, Almanric saw the southern horizon ablaze. Between him and the great pall of smoke lay a desert, a desert scored with great wheel marks, as bare of vegetation as if a cloud of locusts had passed over it. There were dead bodies of men and beasts here and there. Wisps and trails of smoke marked where homesteads once had been. Great patches of mud showed where the springs had been trampled foul.

Almanric cautiously left his refuge and followed the host from afar in the hope of finding a few stray beasts. There were none. Everything that moved on foot or hoof had perished or had been absorbed into the passing host. By the river-bank were piles of corpses; the barbarian hordes moved too fast for encumbered fugitives.

Attila's boast that where his horse trod there he left a wilderness was a literal fact.

* * * * *

The Terror

That great host surged irresistibly forward. It was not a tribe or a people or a nation but a whole race in motion. With three-quarters of a

million fighting men and many millions of their dependents, Attila left a great broad scar across Europe from the Black Sea to beyond the Rhine.

But Attila was no great soldier, merely a lustful, cunning bully, and in Gaul he led his hordes to defeat. On the Catalaunian Fields (Châlon-sur-Marne) in 451, Romans, Gauls, Alans, Burgondes, and Goths, forgetting all their differences, barred his way, and turned him back. He revenged himself in Italy. Aquileia, north-west of Trieste, was besieged and taken, its garrison slaughtered to a man, and the city sacked and burnt. Concordia Julia, Altinum, Patavium met the same fate. These examples sufficed. The cities of the northern plain did not await assault but, choosing the lesser evil, threw open their gates and let the savage do his will. Rome itself was threatened and the terror that had bound the eastern Empire now bound the west.

Then, in 453, Attila died on his wedding night, and his hosts melted away. We do not know what became of them all. Powerful remnants of the race were still to be found some centuries later in the Danube basin. By that time, they had done their work. They had given a final thrust to the tottering Empire and had ushered in the Dark Ages. With Rome, they submerged an entire civilization. Here and there, unnoticed,

the spark of culture glowed feebly. The Church held to its faith, and learning lingered on in monastery and cell until it could flower again some ten centuries later.

CHAPTER IV

A VIKING VOYAGE

The tribes who ravaged England for hundreds of years after the settlement of the English and before the coming of the Normans, are usually called *Danes*, though Norsemen would be a better term, for they came from Scandinavia as well as from Denmark.

England was not the only country they invaded and spoiled, for they terrorized most of Europe during the period of their greatest activity.

Their history is not unlike that of the Phœnicians. They inhabited an infertile land and were forced to seek their livelihood on the sea. Like the Phœnicians, they established trading posts along the shores of Europe and secured for themselves the monopoly of sea-borne traffic. Like the Phœnicians again, they were great explorers, and it is well known that they had discovered America some 500 years before the voyage of Columbus.

A very important fact for us to remember is that the Norman Conquest was merely a continuation of the Danish raids of the preceding centuries, for the Normans were Norsemen who had settled in France 150 years earlier and had adopted French ways, French culture, and the French language.

Besides England and Normandy, there were other small Norse kingdoms in southern Italy and in

Sicily. Kings of Norse descent ruled parts of Russia for 700 years, and a Norse kingdom of Dublin, founded in 852, lasted for three centuries.

Leif Thorkilsson was decidedly unhappy though he would have died before admitting it. Leif was a boy of fifteen on his first real sea journey. He felt it was due to himself to persuade the rest of the ship's company that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, he was thoroughly enjoying himself and wouldn't be back home in Sogne for the biggest gold bracelet that ever came out of Spain.

All the same, Leif Thorkilsson was uncomfortable. His was the second oar-bench on the larboard side of the ship, and he was pulling at a great ash sweep eighteen feet long and too heavy for his strength and inexperience. Through the oar-port came, every minute or so, a dollop of icy water and the bench was always wet. The ship was heading westwards for the Shetlands in the teeth of half a gale, raising a lumpy cross sea that added rolling to pitching. Close behind Leif's head was the forward half-deck on which a wave, from time to time, broke in a smother of spray that ricochetted on to the head and down the neck of the unlucky rowers on the oar-benches in the forward part of the ship. There were seven such benches on each side forrard

and six on each side aft. Amidships was the cargo-space, leaving no room for rowers. Harard Gustafsson's ship was a mere thirteen-bencher, built in the main for more or less peaceful trading, and you cannot fill a ship with both cargo and a big crew of oarsmen with hearty appetites.

She was about seventy feet long, sharp at both ends, with a high curving bow and stern. Her beam was about fourteen feet and she had a depth amidships of about half that. As a piece of boat-building, she was a marvel, considering the tools men possessed a thousand years ago. Sixteen beautifully shaped overlapping oaken strakes formed her sides, clinched the one to the other with iron nails and lashed to the ribs with thongs of walrus hide. A sort of broad-bladed oar, pivoted on the starboard quarter, served as rudder.

Life Aboard

Leif's body is one big ache by sunset. The skin of his hands is cracked and blistered. Salt-water boils are forming on his chapped wrists. He is as nearly wet through as doesn't matter. The ship reeks. The stench of dried cod, of salted herrings, and of half-cured furs mingles with an odour of stables, for amidships half a dozen wretched horses, prevented from falling by

spars and lashings, slip and flounder with every movement of the vessel.

Unlike Leif, who is seasick but yet goes on pulling mechanically, the older members of the crew take everything for granted — the cold, the all-pervading wetness, and the penetrating stench. They grin and wag their salt-rimed beards at the boy till his heart is full of murder. Two men amidships bring their oars inboard and start to bail, one with a rusty pannikin, the other with an iron helmet — Leif's, as he points out mockingly. Leif's lovingly polished helmet, held by the nose-piece and basely used for clearing the ship's bilge! The iron rings of his *byrnies* or coat of mail are rusting, too, beneath the oar-bench. The spear-head and sword blade, fastened just below the gunwale, show red here and there where the protecting grease has been rubbed from them. Harard Gustafsson's ship was a peaceful trader, but one never knew. Chances of raiding or a little mild piracy sometimes presented themselves, and no man left his arms at home.

Cold, sick, and miserable, Leif longs to feel the wind drive against his other cheek, wind from the cold north that would allow the sail to be hoisted and the oarsmen given a rest. But the mast, with the yard and square, striped sail lashed to it, lies useless in its crutch. Men of

the north, great seamen as they are, have yet to acquire the art which the Mediterranean sailors are slowly learning — how to use fore and aft sails and so move with the wind forward of the beam.

Night is falling and the Shetlands are still a day's journey ahead. Harard orders the sea-anchor to be thrown overboard, and the ship will ride head to wind during the short northern night. There is no compass and in these high latitudes mist often obscures the stars. To go on rowing through the hours of darkness might mean missing the Shetlands altogether. To slip past them in the night would be easy — and fatal. There is no known land beyond them, only an interminable waste of waters where ghost ships sail endlessly seeking for ports they will never reach. One night, nearly a hundred years hence, Leif Ericsson will thus slip unknowingly past Iceland and, sailing on in desperation, will discover Vinland, which we to-day call Nova Scotia.

Beneath the half-deck aft glows a candle. There, the women emigrants on their way to Ireland are putting the children to bed. The tired oarsmen cluster under canvas sheets stretched from gunwale to gunwale and eat the evening meal — hot broth, cooked in a cauldron over a fire built on a stone slab, a chunk of coarse rye bread, and a lump of salted seal-meat. Leif

regains his cheerfulness, gives back cheeky answers to the chaff of his shipmates, and suddenly falls asleep with his head against a reeking walrus-hide and his legs in the water washing from side to side in the bottom of the ship.

The Viking World

At noon the next day, Harard Gustafsson's ship reached the Shetlands, and there Leif saw the finest sight he had ever seen — a Viking war-fleet preparing to join Rollo, who was soon to make that descent on France that resulted in his becoming Duke of Normandy.

There were swift *skeiths*, snouted *snekkas*, *barthis* with rams fore and aft, huge *dragons* — fifteen-benchers, twenty-benchers, thirty-benchers, these last with sixty oars and carrying anything up to 200 men. It was a feast of colour. Round shields, alternately black and yellow, were strung like beads along the bulwarks. Sails, striped red and blue and green, filled and fluttered. Carved prows and sterns aglow with paint swayed and danced on the grey waters. Helmets, coats of mail, spears, axes, and swords scattered twinkling points of light.

From the Shetlands, Harard went to the Orkneys; from the Orkneys to the Hebrides; from the Hebrides to Mull, from Mull to Northern Ireland; from Northern Ireland to what is now

called Dublin. And in every harbour Leif saw Norse ships and no others. Everywhere he heard the Norse tongue. Norse colonists brought their farm produce to the water-side. Norse merchants traded hides and cattle, fish and furs for fine cloths, wine, and leather brought from other Norse colonies in Spain, in Southern France, Sicily, Italy, and north Africa.

All over the known world from the Caspian to the Atlantic went the Norse rovers and shipmen carrying on almost the only systematized trade in the Western World a thousand years ago. Scarce a navigable river on the Atlantic and Mediterranean seabards but had its Norse trading post, fort, and garrison at its mouth, and Norse ships sailing up its waters to raid the deepest hinterland. Scarce a monastery in Frisia, Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy but had its watch-tower from which to spy the approach of the heathen Norse marauders who always sacked first the religious houses, greedy for their golden vessels and jewelled shrines. Scarce a priest but included in his litany

a furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine!

Normandy

At Dublin, the heart of a Norse kingdom that lasted for 300 years, Harard Gustafsson's ship caught up again the great war fleet which was

completing its preparations. Dublin was as important a centre as any and better than most, for it lay on the western route. Since Alfred of England had built a fleet of ships as fine as and even finer than those of his enemies, the eastern seas and especially the English Channel were no longer the undisputed province of the Norsemen, and the Irish kingdom had gained in consequence.

In Dublin Bay lay the long ships which were to join Rollo. From many of them now came the neighing of horses freshly embarked. Towering over the sides of others were the great beams of catapults, battering-rams, and other engines of war. Others again were cumbered with wooden castles in sections, commissariat wagons, great stores of food and munitions. Charles the Simple, the trembling king of France, although he did not know it yet, was going to pay for all this with good silver weighed in balances, with rich lands and houses, and with ducal titles.

Leif saw it all. He saw, too, Irish slaves building stone towers — a marvel to a timber-bred youth. He saw the crowded wharves and bursting store-houses, the palaces and noble buildings. He saw the beauty of carved ivory and chased metal, illuminated books and carved stone, all the wonders that made Ireland a shining light of culture when much of the world was still dark.

Leif deserted and enlisted under the leaders of

the great war fleet. These, deciding that Rollo could wait a little longer, undertook a private enterprise first and sailed to Noirmoutier, an island near the mouth of the Loire, one of those innumerable jumping-off places that the Norsemen occupied on the edge of their raiding territories. There the ships were laid up for the winter with many others. From there, a raid into Burgundy was organized. Leif took part, sacked his first monastery, and gained his first booty, a gold chalice that he lost next day to a shrewder gambler than himself. He fought, went berserk, slew, plundered, ravaged, long before he was seventeen. When, in the following spring, the expedition sailed north to join Rollo near the mouth of the Seine, Leif Thorkilsson was a finished warrior.

Ten years later, he had embraced Christianity with his leader, Rollo, owned a small stone castle, a wife, three sons, a score of Frankish serfs, and wide fields. He called himself "Count," dressed in silk, drank wine, appreciated spices, bred swift horses, and paid homage to an overlord.

His great, great-grandson landed at Pevensey with Duke William in 1066.

CHAPTER V

A MEDIÆVAL PILGRIMAGE

When the Roman Empire was at the height of its power, travel, though we should think it slow to-day, was comparatively easy and safe. Wherever a man went, he found Roman laws enforced by Roman police and Roman money acknowledged by all. He travelled on a superb system of roads, with post-houses and relays of horses, inns, and lodging-houses at all convenient centres.

With the fall of the Empire, most of these things disappeared and not for close on 1500 years did men move about as freely as in Roman times. The roads fell into disrepair and were lost sight of. In the place of law was brigandage. Every petty king issued his own coinage, which was valueless outside his boundaries.

In course of time, the Roman Church took over some part of the work that the Empire had performed in earlier centuries and men travelled by its aid. The Church was universal and its organization was more or less uniform. In whatever part of southern Europe a man found himself on any particular day, there he found the Church working as it had worked at his previous stopping-place on the day before.

The Church was all-powerful, too, and could protect its subjects even against the tyranny of kings.

It was hospitable, and every monastery opened its doors to the traveller, sheltered and fed him, and set him on his journey again.

For the common man, wayfaring was hardly possible except through the Church.

The Church encouraged travel by setting up holy shrines and organizing pilgrimages to them. She did what neither conquest by force of arms, nor trade, nor education could do—she made countries known the one to the other and served as a living link between them.

It was about the year 1150. As Roger of Croyland sweated and stumbled up the pilgrim track from Martigny in the Rhône valley to the St. Bernard hospice, he wondered, as he had done a thousand times during the preceding two months, why on earth he had ever embarked on such a venture.

It was not entirely, or even mainly, from religious fervour that he had set out for the Holy Land. That counted, of course. Ingulphus, the great Abbot of Croyland, had set the example a hundred years before, and Fenland men in numbers from Croyland, Ely, and Peterborough had taken to the road that led finally to Jerusalem. A youth like Roger, brought up in the shade of the abbey walls and therefore in contact from time to time with travellers from overseas, had often felt an urge to see the world, and, to the vast

majority of men, a pilgrimage offered the only means of satisfying it.

Noble barons could move across Europe with their hundreds of armed followers and live upon the country they traversed. Rogues and vagabonds could wander as they pleased and count on protection and help from other rogues and vagabonds. But the ordinary man, for safety's sake, and for commodity, must, if he wished to travel, go with a crowd under the protection of the Church.

So Roger of Croyland, orphaned at the age of nineteen, sold his little patrimony for some hundred marks of silver, having heard that a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre was being organized. When Easter was past, and Roger had confessed his sins and received communion, he donned the grey, cowled mantle, the broad belt and wide-brimmed hat, took in hand the staff, the gourd, and the scrip of a pilgrim, and walked into Ely. There he found a handful of pilgrims from Stamford, Peterborough, Lynn, and Newark, bound like him for a shadowy Jerusalem that lay countless leagues and half a year ahead in the land of the infidels.

The Company

They had but the faintest notion of what lay before them. For guidance, there was little more

than travellers' tales of the wildest extravagance: half-understood, half-believed stories of the Seven Sleepers, of dragons, were-wolves, one-eyed monsters, cannibalistic Saracens, golden streets, snow giants, and other fables of a credulous age. Strangely mingled with these fables were bits of practical information regarding the quality of the wine at certain monasteries, the cost of placating the noble owners of certain bridges, and the value of bear's grease for sore feet.

The English contingent passed into France by Dover and Boulogne, and, by the time Paris was reached, the company was eighty strong, some on horses, some on mules, a few in litters, but most on foot. Many of them were churchmen, but by no means all were true pilgrims fulfilling a vow, seeking holiness, or even travelling for travelling's sake. In those days men found the cowl, staff, and gourd a useful passport, an efficient safe-conduct. To the merchant with business at Dijon or Besançon, an organized pilgrimage offered opportunities for safe travel that were worth a temporary assumption of holiness. To the mountebanks, superior rogues, and tricksters living by their wits, the mixed company gave many chances of profit.

On the Road

Going from monastery to monastery, the company, gathering numbers as it advanced, slowly traversed France. Each night, the pilgrims crowded noisily into the abbey guest-house, devoured the abbey provisions, made themselves a nuisance to the monks, excited the contempt of proud abbots. . . . Perhaps to keep them quiet, the monastery would employ a troubadour to sing some great romance of chivalry or of antiquity, the *Song of Roland*, the *Pilgrimage of Charlemagne*, interminable stories in verse written by the monks for the entertainment of pilgrims. Often on the following morning, there would be stolen chickens hidden under grey gowns and pilfered fruit in scrips.

With many, whatever measure of religious fervour had set their feet on the road to the Holy Land subsided quickly in contact with the very worldly influences of strange towns. The pious still moved forward to the sound of chanting, but the ever-growing rabble in the rear became more noisy, more undisciplined, and more ribald with the passing of the days.

From time to time a sobering detour was made to some sacred shrine, and vows were paid in some particularly holy place. But troubadours with songs worse than profane quickly found favour

again and the bagpipes screeched more loudly than ever.

Gradually the company, keeping together only for the sake of mutual protection, subdivided itself into groups of like tastes. Between the various sections arose quarrelling and strife that the elected master of the pilgrimage could do little to allay. There were well-founded charges of theft and worse. Roger of Croyland had his scrip slit with a knife and lost two silver marks. Other pilgrims lost even more and fell out of the company. They had to make their way painfully home again as best they could, and were lucky if they were able to join up with a returning pilgrimage, however poor, dejected, and fever-ridden this might be.

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Roger crossed France and *via* Dijon, Pontarlier, and Vallorbe, reached the Lake of Geneva. The mountain scenery of the Alps filled him and all his companions not with admiration and delight but with hatred and terror. Many centuries were to pass before men saw grandeur and beauty in snowfield, glacier, and soaring peak. At the hospices of St. Maurice, Martigny, and Orsières, in the fearsome shadow of the great mountains, the pilgrims rested in an awed and trembling soberness. When, after a painful journey, they

reached the monastery at the top of the St. Bernard pass, their numbers had diminished. Certain faint-hearts had remained below in the valley of the Rhône; many of the hangers-on, the sham pilgrims, the jugglers, pedlars, and minstrels had left, knowing that they had little more to hope for in the way of gain, and certain, too, that on the farther side of the great mountains, their Italian confrères were waiting to bear the pilgrims company on the road to Rome, and would tolerate no rivals from across the frontier.

Roger of Croyland looked down from the heights upon the great rich plain of Lombardy. Centuries of raiding blood in him whispered words uttered by a greater than he, "What a land to sack!"

Brundusium

For a month, the crowd marched through Italy along the well-trodden pilgrims' way that goes *via* Rome and the holy places associated with St. Paul and St. Peter to Brundusium (Brindisi) on the heel of Italy and the edge of the great sea.

Not all the pilgrims to Jerusalem took this route. Roger of Croyland's own exemplar, the holy Ingulphus, had travelled overland through Germany and Hungary to Constantinople. In

his day, one never knew whether it was better to trust oneself to the mercies of a pirate-ridden sea or to brave the terrors of Turk and Tartar-haunted steppes. Ingulphus, though, in company with a great band of 7000 people, had suffered much at infidel hands before he reached the Holy City and, his visit ended, he preferred to return by sea to Genoa.

Roger had chosen the sea route, for there now existed facilities that Ingulphus had never had. The Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem were organizing and protecting the pilgrim traffic, and carrying the pilgrims sometimes in their own ships. There was much coming and going at Brundusium, a city as animated as any Roger had seen. Many of the company lost there what little sacred fervour was left to them. Others found the fires of faith rekindled by reaching so clearly-marked a stage of their holy journey. The place was full of the riff-raff drawn irresistibly to where crowds foregather to disperse again. Prominent were the hawkers of relics. A score of times was Roger offered bones of holy saints, bits of the True Cross. Why go farther? Why not turn again for home? At Jerusalem itself it was impossible to buy holier or better authenticated relics. If the young man was going to the journey's end with the idea of securing an indulgence, he might as

well save his money, his time, and perhaps his skin. At any street corner he could buy indulgences that would satisfy the most exacting at home.

Brundusium hummed like a hive of wasps and Roger, fearing for the rest of the hundred marks remaining to him, was with the first among his companions to secure a passage to Jaffa. He bargained with a rapacious ship-master for a corner of the upper deck. He was no more squeamish than most of the people of his time, but the sight and smell of the 'tween-decks was too much for him, and in the hot summer days that followed he praised his foresight. Below decks, the pilgrims were packed as only the slaver of 600 years later, and the captains of Arab Jeddah-bound pilgrim ships of yesterday knew how to pack men.

Before leaving, Roger bought cheaply from a homeward-bound pilgrim a little cauldron, a frying-pan, and a wooden platter or two for his simple meals. For food, he bought at a ruinous price half a dozen skinny chickens, grain on which to feed them, and a cage in which to keep them. For days on end he sat among his possessions on deck while the clumsy ship rolled and hogged her way from port to port till at last she brought up in Jaffa roads.

The Holy Land

Roger joined a caravan going to Jerusalem. There he saw the Holy Sepulchre, prayed and wept in the sacred monuments of the city, climbed the Mount of Olives, gave thanks to God on the spot where 70,000 Moslems had been massacred fifty years before and, at great peril from wandering bands of infidels, travelled east to bathe in Jordan.

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Robbed of all that remained to him, his clothes in rags, he reached Jaffa again, more dead than alive. By the charity of the Templars, he was carried to Genoa. Then, painfully retracing his steps across the Alps, across France, going from monastery to monastery, he finally reached Croyland and his beloved fens just as the holy Ingulphus himself had done, and in just the same state, "consumed with leanness to the bare bones".

CHAPTER VI

SPICES FROM THE EAST

In any study of world-history we shall see at work the influence of sea trade upon the power of a nation. Just as the Phœnicians and the Norsemen became mighty because of their command of the seas, so, in the Middle Ages, we find the Italians becoming all-powerful through the possession of great fleets.

Over a period of several hundred years, the ships of Pisa, Venice, and Genoa carried the greater part of the world's trade. Italian sailors held the seas from England to Constantinople. Italian merchants traded even with China, and Italian bankers lent money to half the rulers in Christendom.

Not till the Portuguese, Vasco da Gama, discovered the sea route to India did the Italians begin to lose their power.

During the Middle Ages and for long afterwards, England and the whole of western Europe lived for six months of the year on salted food. Draught oxen and breeding cattle alone survived the winter; the rest were slaughtered because at that time there was neither hay nor roots to feed them.

To make this salted food palatable, our fore-fathers served it with sauces innumerable and of infinite variety, all involving the use of costly spices. Even the poorest man ate his salt pork to the accompaniment of pepper, cannel, ginger, and honey.

Then, too, the rich, endeavouring to neutralize the penetrating stenches that filled their homes and the streets, used great quantities of perfumes — vanilla, heliotrope, clove, musk, anise, myrrh, and incense — all the “ perfumes of Arabia ” that were powerless to sweeten the little hand of Lady Macbeth.

The cost of all this was amazing and, as we should consider to-day, out of all proportion to income. We have the household accounts of a family of the period. They spent 10s. a week on an average, roughly £5 of our money, merely on spices, though it should be said that this term included such things as dried fruits and other goods bought from the pepperer, or grocer, as he came to be called.

* * * * *

Master Andrew Bokerel, citizen and pepperer, sheriff and alderman, later to be seven times Mayor, leaves his fine house Bokerels Bury, which the vulgar have already transformed into Bucklersbury, and, from the east end of Chepe, walks through Sopers Lane, the headquarters of the

pepperers and grocers. Sniffing with pleasure the odours of spices over which even the stench of London in 1223 could not entirely prevail and, acknowledging salutes to right and to left, he reaches Mincing Lane, where the Italian merchants foregather, and so to the river-side.

Andrew is dark and swarthy, and Bokerel hardly disguises *Boccherelli*, the name by which his family is still known in Pisa. There are many of his race in London and other great ports. Much of the commerce with the Mediterranean and the East is in their hands. Even to this day, the trader who deals in the same merchandise as Andrew Bokerel calls himself an “Italian ware-houseman.”

From the wharf, Bokerel’s practised eye quickly picks out from the crowded mass of shipping in the Pool that “Flanders Galley,” the arrival of which on the morning tide has brought our merchant so early from his warehouse. A few minutes later, Andrew steps upon the deck of the heavy, clumsy vessel, and greets her captain in the Italian speech of Venice. The ship may be called a Flanders Galley, but she is Italian all the same. Just as the Phoenicians were the tramp seamen of the pre-Christian era, the Norsemen the sea-traders of the tenth century, so the Venetians—in spite of the rivalry of Genoa, of Flanders, and, to a minor degree, of England

— were, in Plantagenet times, the freight carriers of the western world.

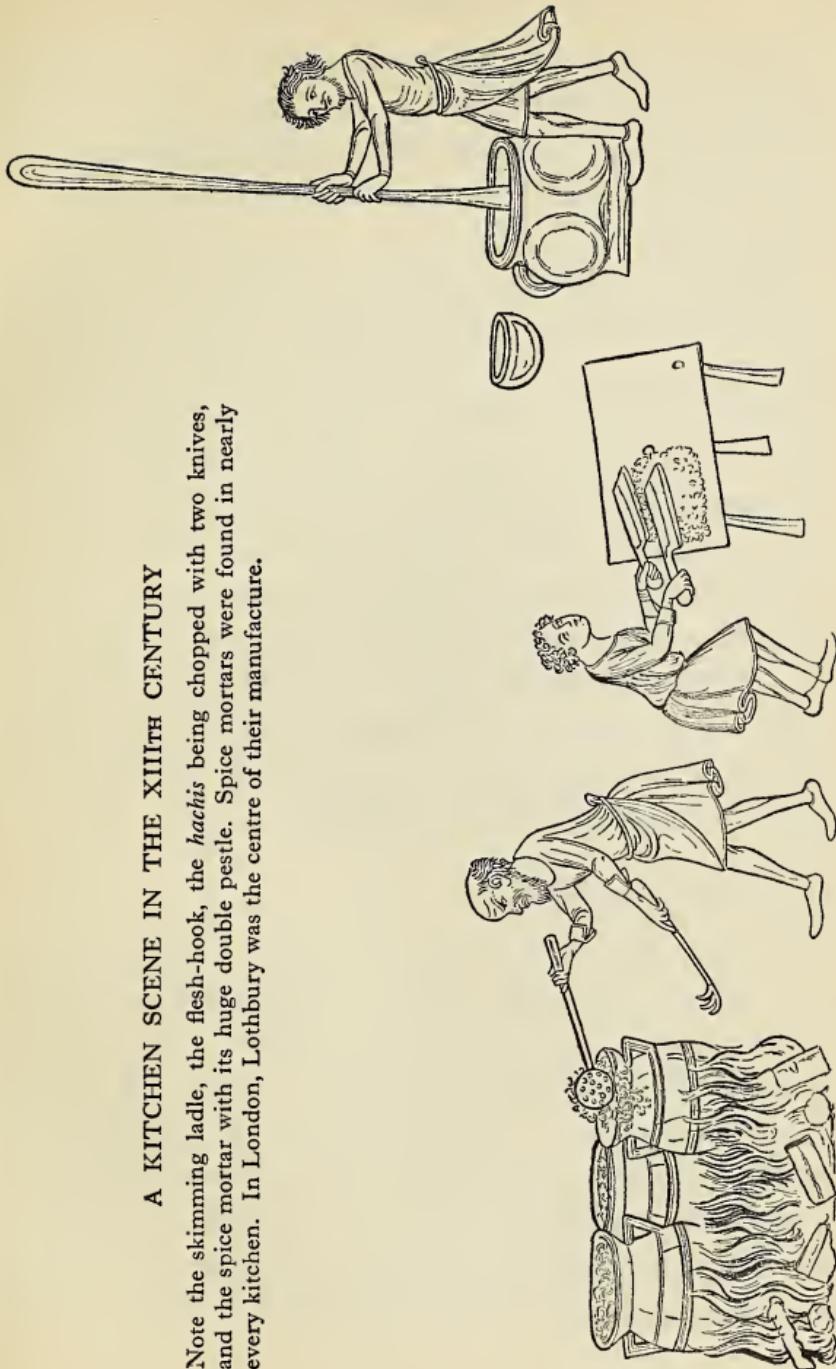
The crew already have the hatches off and the perfumed East scents the air of Thames. But Andrew Bokerel is not going to wait to see the unloading. All that the ship contains is his property, bought to his order, and to be paid for by bills drawn on half the banking houses of southern Europe and the Near East. To be on the safe side, however, he proposes to take immediate possession of a small bag containing certain diamonds from Golconda, a handful of rubies from Sikanan, and ropes of pearls from the Persian Gulf, pierced and strung together by the cunning workmen of Baghdad.

Spices

For a whole week, carts rumble over the cobblestones bringing that cargo piecemeal to Bokerel's warehouses. They bring the spices first. From India and Persia there are peppers both white and black, caraways, capsicums, and cardamoms that people call *grains of paradise*. From the Moluccas and Ceylon have come nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, and the costly cloves. China has sent ginger and the milder galingale, turnesol or heliotrope, vanilla, and cassia which the poor buy for cinnamon. From Egypt comes aniseed, from Kashmir saffron, and from Tibet musk.

A KITCHEN SCENE IN THE XIIITH CENTURY

Note the skimming ladle, the flesh-hook, the *hachis* being chopped with two knives, and the spice mortar with its huge double pestle. Spice mortars were found in nearly every kitchen. In London, Lothbury was the centre of their manufacture.



Then the drugs are unloaded: the so-called Turkey rhubarb of which the best comes from Mongolia, nux vomica from India, senna from India and Arabia, liquorice from Armenia, opium from Persia.

Still the unlading is not yet finished. There are dried fruits in strange baskets, and curiously woven matting covers; dates, prunes, almonds, walnuts, raisins, corinths. There are sugar and sweet oil of olives, gums and dyestuffs. There are costly fabrics: cloths of gold thread and silk called muslins from Mosul in Irak, fine cotton bombazines from Armenia, velvets from Persia, silks from China, India, and Nippon; there are carpets from Bokhara, rugs and embroideries from Iran, steel swords and daggers of the finest workmanship and temper, magnificent bridles and saddles from Persia and Arabia.

The Caravan Routes

Now none of these goods were bulky but all were rare and costly. The wastage of human life in procuring and transporting them was beyond computation. All came from the East and for the most part by land. For thousands of years the old caravan routes from Peking to the west had been trodden by traders bringing luxuries to Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, India, Greece, and Rome. It was by the same age-old trails, by the same means

that the same merchandise was reaching, in Bokerel's day, the peoples of the west, slowly emerging from the Dark Ages of barbarian self-sufficiency.

Look at any map of Asia and see what such journeys involved. From Peking across the Desert of Gobi, forty days. To cross the Desert of Lob took thirty days more, according to Marco Polo. Then, if one aimed at reaching southern Europe, there was the crossing of the Tsaidam Marsh, the appalling journey over the Pamirs, culminating in the passage of the Hindu Kush by snow and ice-covered mountain tracks whence often whole caravans were hurled into torrents a thousand feet below. Then came the deserts of Iran, the stifling heat of the Persian lowlands, until finally Ormuz on the Persian Gulf was reached. Here was the meeting-place of many caravan routes. It was to Ormuz, too, that the cranky ships from India and the isles beyond brought the produce of south-eastern Asia. At Ormuz, merchants of Mosul, who seemed to hold in their hands all the tangled threads of this many-sided commerce, chaffered in a score of tongues with the leaders of caravans, and loaded their bargains into ships and barges for carriage to Baghdad. From Mesopotamia, great strings of camels, mules, and asses transported the precious merchandise to some Syrian or

Black Sea port, whence the Flemish, English, and especially the Venetians, took it over and carried it to Venice, the city that literally "held the gorgeous East in fee".

Venice

Enriched by the Crusades, Venice had been able to acquire much of the crumbled eastern Roman Empire. She held Crete, Cyprus, the Morea, and the Islands of the *Æ*gean. In Andrew Bokerel's time, the newly established Latin Empire of Constantinople was practically under her sole direction.

West of the borders of Asia in the Mediterranean, she could ensure the safety of her trafficking. Her merchants had even their private war navies to protect the trading fleets from the pirates of northern Africa and the Atlantic seaboard. Farther east, she could do less, though a Venetian, Marco Polo, ruled for some fifteen years a whole province of China under the great Kublai Khan. Her writ ran with difficulty in the wilder parts, and brigands and local rulers took heavy toll of the merchant caravans. It was her Genoese rivals who, in the long run, and indirectly, ruined her trade with the East by discovering the sea-route to India.

Decay

With the opening up of this surer and sometimes quicker route to the Far East, much of the caravan trade across Central Asia disappeared. The routes were neglected, the wells allowed to become choked, the caravanserais and khans to fall into ruins, so that to-day an Aurel Stein, a Peter Fleming, an Ella Maillart, crossing from the China seaboard to Persia or India, has a harder and more dangerous task than that of, say, Marco Polo, who trod in the footsteps of men but a day or two ahead of him on well-marked trails.

CHAPTER VII

WITH SMUGGLED WOOL TO FLANDERS

England's rise as a commercial nation is largely due to the fact that she was the great wool-producing country in the Middle Ages. English wool was in great demand on the Continent, and especially in Flanders, where the spinning and weaving of wool was firmly established.

The export of wool was particularly important because it kept England in close touch with other countries and induced powerful merchants from northern Europe and from the Mediterranean to establish themselves here.

In July, 1376, Geoffrey Chaucer, Court poet, diplomatist and Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of Wools, Skins, and Leather, in the Port of London, received from the king the sum of £71, 4s. 6d., being the fine paid by John Kent of London for shipping wool to Dordrecht in Holland without having paid the duty thereon.

To impose prohibitive duties on exports would seem to be a topsy-turvy way of increasing a nation's trade, but the duty on exported wool, which was in existence in the thirteenth century and perhaps even much earlier, did not entirely

disappear till the middle of the eighteenth century. In mediæval times and for long afterwards, English export trade was almost entirely in wool, sheepskins, leather, and tin. Of these, wool was the most important, for English wool was in great demand, especially in Flanders, then the great centre of the cloth trade. Ostensibly, this restriction on exports was intended to serve as an encouragement to English weavers, but it persisted because, for hundreds of years, English kings derived the major part of their revenue from this very tax, and had few scruples in adjusting its incidence and method of collection so that their revenue was maintained and increased. And the irony was that, when the weavers began to export cloth because of the protection afforded by the tax on their raw material, a duty was promptly clapped on cloth for export!

The Maltolte

Under Edward III, the tax on wool, the *Maltolte* or evil tax, was in the neighbourhood of £2, 6s. 8d. per sack of 26 stone. In our money, this would be something like £30 for three hundredweight of wool. In addition, merchants were compelled to sell their crop through the *Staple*, an organization that guaranteed the quality and the weight of the goods sold. The wool might be exported only through one of the staple

ports, of which there were thirteen, and must be delivered at Calais, the staple town on the Continent. Dordrecht, Middelburg, Bruges, Calais were in turn the channels through which the wool had been distributed abroad. At the time of which we are speaking, the favoured town was Calais, and, with one or two interruptions, it was Calais that retained the privilege till the loss of that city in 1558. The dues for stapling added a further 19*d.*, say 20*s.* of our money, to the export tax.

It is obvious that if a merchant could avoid paying the export tax and the stapling dues he stood to make a very attractive profit.

John Kent

Beyond the fact that he paid the equivalent of £1000 in fines, we know nothing at all about the unfortunate John Kent, whose ill-wind did so much good to Geoffrey Chaucer, but his story was most likely that of scores of merchants of his time. That story we can reconstruct with reasonable assurance.

John of Kent, being an Englishman, had no right to export wool at all. That was the privilege of the Merchants of the Staple, a group to which foreigners alone might belong. The only legal course open to him was to convey his wool to the nearest staple town, have it weighed, inspected,

and sealed. There, too, he would pay the export tax. The wool would then be transferred to the appropriate staple port where the *customer*, or collector of customs, would reweigh and check the goods. The next stage was the transport of the wool overseas to the staple town. There again it would be weighed, inspected, and checked. A record of all these transactions was finally delivered to the Exchequer. In due course, John Kent would receive the price of his wool remitted by the English authorities at Calais. Like many others, our John considered such proceedings too roundabout and, above all, too unprofitable.

The Owlers

With one servant, who is also his clerk, John Kent has ridden down from London, and now, on this moonless night, he stands in the shadow of the dunes on the seaward side of the port of Rye listening with all his ears. Suddenly, somewhere in the marsh behind him, an owl screeches. The cry is repeated and, for a brief moment, a light shines off shore. Half an hour later, the first of a long train of pack-horses, monstrously swollen by the bales of wool slung across their backs, reaches the shore. Almost simultaneously, the dark bulk of a ship, coming in with the first of the flood, looms up and grounds gently on the sand.

With scarce a word spoken, the lading of a hundred pack-horses is carried through the shallow water and stored in the open hold of the vessel. The *owlers*, having done their work and seen their leader paid, melt away into the darkness. The ship's sail is hoisted and the vessel stands out to sea, pursued by the shouts of a baffled troop of customs officers who had been deceived into thinking that the shipment was to be made from near New Romney.

The Italians

So far, so good. John Kent has been saved considerable trouble and expense. His wool may not be of a sufficiently high quality to merit the seal of the Mayor of the Staple. There may be some argument about its weight when it reaches its destination. But the stapling dues and the Mal tolte have been avoided. Besides this, John Kent carries concealed on his person a pretty store of English money that will fetch quite a good price in Flanders. If, having decided to accompany his wool abroad, he had gone to work in the orthodox way, not only the collectors of customs but even the keeper of the inn at which he stayed before embarking would have had the right to search him for money carried in excess of the modest sum required for the journey.

Then, in addition to all these material advan-



SHEEP-SHEARING IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

From an illuminated manuscript in the British Museum

tages, our John has the patriotic satisfaction of having outwitted those rascally Italians, the Guild of the Venetians, the Friscobaldi of Florence, the Ricci, and the Bardelli of Lucca, all those foreigners who, for over a hundred years, have had their hands in the pockets of the English merchants, and have been encouraged to keep them there provided they transferred some of their ill-gotten gains into the King's treasury from time to time.

These Italians are everywhere. The very customs have been farmed out to the Bardellis of Lucca. Indeed, as long as a man can remember, the customs have been in Italian hands. The collectors, the comptrollers, the searchers may be English, but the proceeds pass through the pockets of the Bardelli before reaching the treasury. Thus did the King pay his many debts.

The export trade was almost entirely in the hands of these aliens, and English ships rotted in harbour while those of Venice and Genoa came and went as they pleased. In 1381, in order to save the English mercantile fleet from utter extinction, it was decreed that English goods must be carried in English ships. The result was that trade came almost to a standstill, for there was scarcely an English ship fit to keep the seas. So the new law was, to all intents and purposes,

repealed in the following year, and the Italians were where they stood before.

There had been a time when, though the foreigners collected the customs, the proceeds were held by natives. That did not last long. The King owed too much money to the Italians, and reinstated the Lucca Guild with the new privilege of assessing their own exports at a particularly favourable rate. In return, they were accommodating and would accept the Crown Jewels in pawn. Further, when the Queen of Edward II owed one of the Italian bankers £4000, the creditor was allowed to collect the customs at Southampton till the debt was paid. A Genoese who had sold the Queen some trinkets was similarly quartered on the Boston customs. In the long run, it was John Kent and his fellows who paid for all this.

The Dartmouth Ship

So, like most of his countrymen, John had few scruples in employing the *Owlers* of Romney Marsh. Unfortunately, even now that he was at sea, he was not entirely happy in his mind. He was aboard a Dartmouth "balinger", manned by Dartmouth men and the reputation of Dartmouth men for seamanship was equalled by their notoriety as pirates and desperadoes. John Kent, although he had probably heard of Geoffrey

Chaucer, the Comptroller of Customs, may have had little acquaintance with Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet. He would have been quite ready to subscribe, however, to the latter's opinion of any Dartmouth seaman:

Of nice conscience took he no keep.
If that he fought and had the higher hand,
By water he sent them home to every land.

The Dartmouth men had but one way of dealing with captives: they simply threw them overboard. They, and the men from Poole, Portsmouth, and Fowey, were the terrors of the Channel. With strict impartiality, they attacked Italian, French, Flemish, and even English ships. When, in 1385, there was fear of an invasion of England by the French, it was the Portsmouth and Dartmouth sailors who didn't care, but sailed into foreign harbours and burnt the waiting transports.

John Kent had few illusions regarding the rectitude and kindly disposition of the shipmen in whose company he found himself, and took pains to assume the air of a poor merchant who had sunk all his capital in a contraband cargo of wool.

Nemesis

However, it was not, after all, at sea that John Kent met with misfortune. His skin was whole

and his wealth untouched, when, after three days' sailing, the ship reached the mouth of the Merwede, and in due time tied up at the quay of Dordrecht.

Unhappily, the first person to greet John Kent in the Low Countries was Marco Bardelli, a very insignificant member of a notorious but very clannish family. Marco, because the Customs were not turning out too profitable a family investment owing to trade restrictions, had been doing a little smuggling on his own account. But, disliking competition, he denounced John and, because John was English and not Italian, Geoffrey Chaucer netted £71, 4s. 6d. in fines, which is nearly £1000 in our money.

CHAPTER VIII

AN ENGLISH SCHOLAR GOES TO FLORENCE

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, there was a great Revival of Learning. In an earlier chapter of this book, we have seen how the invasions of the barbarians had overwhelmed the Roman Empire and submerged her civilization. Art, literature, and science, all of which had been highly developed in Greece and Rome, very nearly perished.

The Church helped to keep them alive, and in the monasteries of eastern Europe scholars still studied and taught in great libraries. Constantinople was the most famous of these seats of ancient learning. About the year 1400, teachers from Constantinople began to work in Italy, and inspired the students and scholars there with the desire to learn Greek, for the sake of all the treasures of literature and science that had been written in that tongue by the great thinkers of ancient times.

Then, in 1453, the Turks captured Constantinople. Scholars fled before them, bringing precious manuscripts of Greek and Roman authors, stores of wisdom that had been hidden away for centuries.

Soon, not only Italy but all western Europe became feverishly anxious to share in the knowledge that had been thus brought within its grasp.

The great rebirth of learning was vastly helped by the invention of printing. This, with the cheapening of paper, made it possible to put books, previously unobtainable by the poor scholar, into the hands of all who desired to possess them.

The effect on England was tremendous. There were interchanges of scholars, much going to and fro between this country and the Continent; a desire to travel was encouraged and men began to know other lands as they had never known them before. What is more, the movement stirred English writers — men like Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, and scores of others — who, within the space of a bare 150 years, produced some of the world's finest literature.

In the family of William Fuller, scholar of New College, Oxford, between 1460 and 1470, there had been, for some generations, a tradition of scholarship. By modern standards, this tradition did not perhaps amount to much.

William Fuller's grandfather had been in a Song-school attached to a religious house, and had learnt to sing Latin chants without always learning at the same time the meaning of the words he sang. He had been destined for a monastic life but ran away before taking his vows. His son, our William's father, would, when the ale was new and heady, expatiate on the importance of learning, and display the T burnt on the palm of his hand as proof that he too was sufficient

scholar to have been able to recognize and recite the first verse of Psalm LI, and so escape hanging as a thief. If the court had required any verse other than the first, there would have been no benefit of clergy for Richard Fuller. It was the only Latin he knew and he owed it to the foresight of a father who had had a few escapes of his own and knew the tremendous value of a *neck-verse*.

In spite of this early lapse, Richard Fuller had prospered and, remembering that his own existence had been prolonged by a little Latin, decided that his son William should have all the advantages accruing from an education that was almost all Latin.

The Making of a Scholar

William was sent therefore first to a "babees'" school, where he learnt his letters from a horn-book and gained some little knowledge of reading and writing, then to the great school at Winchester, founded some eighty years earlier by William of Wykeham. There he spent some five or six well-birched years in acquiring an acquaintance with spoken and written Latin, wide enough for that language to be almost sufficient as a vehicle for daily intercourse. He read Vergil, Sallust, and Cæsar, and learned whole books of grammar by heart. He was taught to argue in

Latin and about Latin. He possessed fewer than half a dozen books in all but had a big sheaf of dictated notes.

William of Wykeham, the foe of heresy, had believed that the cause of religious error was to be found in deficiency in Latin grammar. He had established Winchester school as an ante-room to New College, Oxford, because “ students . . . through default of good and sufficient teaching in Latin, are deficient in Grammar and so fall into errors in studying philosophy.”

So to New College, Oxford, went our William at the age of fifteen or a little less, so full of the niceties of Latin grammar as to be almost incapable of reading Latin with any degree of enjoyment.

There he started on what his tutors called philosophy. He read the *Organum* of Aristotle, not in the original Greek — there were very few men in England at that date capable of doing such a thing — but in a Latin version. He read Porphyry’s *Isagoge*, an introduction to Aristotle. He read the *Categories* of Gilbert of Poitiers, a criticism of Aristotle. The logic of Aristotle, the metaphysics of Aristotle, the ethics of Aristotle, were chief among the few subjects brought to his notice. The work of the Greek philosopher was regarded as including all human knowledge outside the Scriptures — and those were not for

the profane. He was invited to believe that Aristotle could not err.

Our student did a little work in geometry and logic through the writings of Boethius, the translator of Aristotle, and read the semi-grammatical, semi-logical treatises of Petrus Hispanus as well as the commentaries on the Scriptures by Nicholaus de Lyra. For recreation, there was John Holywood's *Tractatus de Sphaera*, an abstruse astronomical work, and the *Computus* for determining the date of Easter.

Of original work, he read little or nothing. He studied the comments of one author on the notes of another on the criticism of a third on the translation by a fourth of a long-dead Greek. His teachers spent hours dictating lectures because there were not enough books available. They disputed interminably regarding the second-rate opinions of third-rate commentators. The students also were trained to engage in Latin disputation, sustaining or attacking opinions on subjects of which they knew nothing but what they had been told, and with no conceivable relation to their own lives or the lives of anyone else. In all this, the final argument was almost invariably, "Aristotle says . . ."

Discipline was severe and monastic, so the students broke bounds, ran riot, and spent some hours in the pillory. To escape from the hide-

bound scholasticism that afflicted their studies, they read Petrarch and other profane authors acquired on the sly from seedy book-copyists. Under the eye of a chaplain, they worked in libraries where the books were chained, and before entering were searched for knife, pen, and ink-bottle, precautions which were symbolical of their studies.

Somehow or other, they got to know that abroad there was stirring a fresh wholesome breeze of knowledge acquired at first hand. In Italy, men were going mad with excitement as each day brought to light some newly discovered work of antiquity on which the grammarians, the logicians, and the commentators and all their tribe had not yet laid their sticky hands. Men in other lands were reading, with an intoxication of the spirit that knew no bounds, the great monuments of ancient literature just as they had been written, and were not merely gazing with dull, wearied eyes at accumulations of dreary scholarship beneath which might perhaps lurk some gem of human thought or some great story of human endeavour.

The Escape

William Fuller ran away. He had no money. He had not the university license to beg accorded to some poor scholars. But beg he did, at the

risk of being arrested as a rogue and vagabond. He begged his way from Oxford to London. He begged his way from London to Sandwich. For lodging, there was always the guest-house of the monastery, and the much-favoured hostel of the Knights of St. John. Failing either there was the nobleman's hall. There were broken victuals for those who had a glib tongue, and a good meal for those who could sing a song, tell a ribald story, or successfully worst an adversary in argument. There were times when William Fuller had money and could patronize an inn where there was less restraint than within the abbey walls. For a penny a night, he could share a bed with two or three other travellers . . . and innumerable permanent guests. For another penny, he could fill himself with beef, beer, and bread.

He crossed to France and begged his way along the pilgrim route across the Alps to Florence.

There he found himself in a new world.

The Renaissance

Florence, Padua, Salerno, Turin, Pavia, Piacenza, Reggio, Bologna, Siena, Rome, all the universities swarmed with students, young and old, from all the countries of Europe. City vied with city to attract renowned professors and to secure the manuscripts saved from the ruins of

monasteries and academies in the lands from which the Turks had ousted Christian scholars. For nearly a hundred years, Italy had been accumulating precious relics of ancient literature, philosophy, science, and art. For nearly a hundred years her scholars had been steeping themselves in a culture of which the west of Europe so far knew next to nothing. The priceless literature of Ancient Greece was the reward of all who would take the trouble to learn the Greek tongue. Who cared now for Aristotle at third-hand when he could have Aristotle himself?

All this went to the head like wine. Bologna, Padua, Salerno, had long been famous for the study of law, physics, and medicine, but now there were no lecture rooms so crowded as those in which seemingly inspired professors of ancient literature taught Greek and lectured on the ancient philosophers.

William Fuller was a little bewildered by it all. As often as he could force his way into the packed lecture room, he sat at the feet of some famous teacher who seemed to have all the knowledge of the world at his finger ends. Through him, William heard of Homer and went nearly mad with delight. But he felt he dared not spend too long on any one thing. Life was short and he had to find time for everything else that this brave new world was offering with open hands.

So he dabbled in history, metaphysics, law, science, civic institutions, the art of war, mythology, metrical systems, oratory, agriculture, astronomy, social customs, theology, philology, biology, numismatics . . . There were lecturers dealing with all these. If only there were time to hear them all!

Books

But William Fuller had to live. He was taken on as a copyist by a librarian, one of the scores flourishing in Florence who sold books almost faster than they could secure the parchment on which to write them. The poorer students hired books, even hired sections of books. But that work did not last long. German printers had brought their art into Italy and it either swept copyists into limbo or absorbed them as compositors and pressmen.

Quick! Fix all this new knowledge on paper lest it be lost again!

Before William Fuller was much older, there were printers in seventy Italian towns and no fewer than 150 printing firms in Venice alone.

The feverish search for knowledge was universal. Every noble Italian family devoted itself to study with the same ardour as it devoted itself to pleasure. It was a strangely corrupt society in which culture and vice gave mutual aid. It

was the Italy of the Borgias, of the Medici, of Machiavelli, of worldly popes and profligate patricians, but to the students who thronged her universities, Italy was the country where freedom of thought was born.

The Return

Two years later, William Fuller started for home. The journey took him five years, for he went from university to university, lingering at each. Sometimes he begged his way. More often he taught for bread, for the western world was waking and anyone who had been in Italy could be sure of a hearing in places where men studied.

He went back to the Oxford which he had left in disgrace a few years earlier. The prodigal son returned an apostle, and men crowded to learn what he so imperfectly knew yet was so willing to teach. The wind was stirring now in England and fanning to life those dying embers that were to burst into the flaming fire of Elizabethan literature.

CHAPTER IX

AN ELIZABETHAN VENTURE

About the middle of the fifteenth century began the great Age of Discovery that brought to light the knowledge that the world was round and not flat, that there was a vast continent to the west with, beyond that, the greatest ocean of the world. It opened up a new route to India and China by sea and showed the existence of great lands in the Antipodes on which no white man had ever set foot.

The first nations to take advantage of these discoveries were Spain and Portugal. England followed a little later. For a long time, the new lands were regarded almost solely as inexhaustible sources of treasure from which Europe could draw riches beyond count. Spaniards, Portuguese, English, French, Dutch, all scrambled for possession of these new lands, and that scramble altered the whole course of world history, for every one of these nations began to think that world-power might be gained overseas sooner and with less difficulty than at home.

So to wars in Europe were added countless struggles thousands of miles away.

George Sullins, Master of the *Evangel*, had hardly ceased cursing since daybreak. In the

first place, he was barely sober, and he had been obliged to search every tavern in Dartmouth for the seamen necessary to warp the ship from the quay to her buoys in mid-stream. Then, no sooner had the hatches been battened down than two boat-loads of forgotten stores had had to be shipped. Then again, some scoundrel of a longshoreman had stowed the three live pigs in the jolly boat instead of in their pen under the break of the fore-deck. And now, to crown it all, that crowd of ship's visitors were still swilling in the cabin aft with the tide at more than half-ebb and the north-east wind veering.

He looked across the choppy water at the crowd on the wharf: the small fry of the town, friends and relations of the crew, tradesmen who had put their small savings into the venture or supplied dubious stores in lieu of money, inn-keepers furious because of unpaid scores, a few boys hoping against hope to be taken on board at the last moment in place of some seaman too drunk to sail.

Was the ship to lose the tide?

Sullins paced impatiently the upper gun-deck, a bare fifteen steps, a mere third of the ship's length, with just, and only just, room for the four cannon piercing the tall bulwarks on each side. Four more guns under the half-deck aft, two more in the forecastle, twelve on the main-



AN ELIZABETHAN GALLEON

A scale model of an English ship of Raleigh's day. This vessel is considerably larger than the *Evangel* referred to in Chap. IX but, apart from the fourth mast—the bonaventure mizzen—the hull and rigging are roughly the same as in ships of about 300 tons. (From a model in the Science Museum, South Kensington, London.)

deck below . . . far too many, Sullins thought, for so small a ship and so small a crew. Forward was the forecastle with its strong oak doors and its galley chimney belching filthy sea-coal smoke on to the already grubby sails which were flapping loose from the creaking yards. Aft, was the high stern castle with its half-deck and quarter-deck, crowned with poop lanterns and swivel cannon.

Would those fools in the great cabin never finish their drinking and their chattering?

At last! The doors in the break of the poop are flung open to release the gentlemen-adventurers and their crowd of friends. First comes Sir Rupert Hopkins, who leads the expedition, arm in arm with his father, who has subscribed half the funds. Behind them is his miserly uncle, who has parted with a hundred pounds on the assurance of making a thousand. Here are Sir Charles Simson of Totnes, Master Chelham of Ashburton, old Sir Thomas Paget of Plymouth, who is sinking some of his pirate gains in another piratical venture, and Parson Ellis, come to bless the ship and her voyage. Behind him is the rascally sheriff, Escott, who has sold the ship and is glad to be rid of her. Sullins, more than anyone else perhaps, knows why. It is he who has watched by the light of a smoking slush-lamp the foot-thick fungus dug with shovels from the rotten timbers

in her bilge. Parson's prayers will be needed! For all her bravely painted checker-work topsides, for all her glistening tar and varnish, the *Evangel* is eaten with rot below the water-line.

And master-mariner Sullins glares at the jovial sheriff, who bids him good luck in passing and talks loudly to the company of the *Evangel*, the finest ship that ever left the port of Dartmouth.

The visitors clamber none too steadily down the shaky ladder into their swaying boats. Sullins is not the only one glad to see them go. Scarcely has the last man collapsed on the bottom boards of the barge below, than Sir Rupert signals to his master-mariner, whose whistle is already at his lips. At the first trill, the only remaining hawser aft is let go and the twenty waiting water-men in the two tow-boats under the bows bend to their oars. The ebb runs swiftly, and before the end of half an hour, the *Evangel*, her sails sheeted home and the wind on her larboard quarter, is making to clear Start Point before nightfall.

Ship and Company

All told, there were eighty-five men on board, of whom fifteen formed the after-guard, the leaders, officers, and merchant-adventurers. Once at sea, these doffed their fine silks and velvets, but still looked less like sailors than soldiers and

merchants who had gone to sea. They had more in common with Master-gunner Stokes and Purser Williams than with Master-mariner Sullins. Sir Rupert Hopkins, and a few others, though, were as much seamen as anything else, and Sullins was ready to take orders from them with good grace. It was Hopkins, indeed, who undertook the navigation. Sullins could read a compass and set a course, but the mysteries of astrolabe and cross-staff were beyond him. He had at any rate quite enough to look after. The *Evangel* leaked like a basket, and her gear was rotten. She was a bare 120 feet long and of about 300 tons burthen, high out of the water for her length, unstable, and just about as easy to steer as a tub. Steering was by whip-staff, a long, pivoted pole by which two men, out of sight beneath the quarter-deck, moved the cumbrous tiller, obeying orders shouted to them down the companion way from above. The crew were in the main from Dartmouth, some of the finest seamen afloat, and the biggest rogues unhung. The ship was, of course, ill-found. There was always a good chance of seamen never returning to cudgel, to within an inch of his life, the tradesman who supplied brittle rope, damp powder, mouldy biscuits from which the weevils had to be tapped, salt pork that was festering in the tubs even before being stowed in the foul hold, and ale already

soured to vinegar. The gentlemen aft ate little better than the rest. They had their stores of wine and they sometimes even dined to music, but for the most part they had to stomach food at which peasants at home would turn up their noses. Some of them had cabins, mere boxes six feet square at most. The greater part, however, slept as the crew slept, on the deck itself.

Before Trinidad was sighted, five weeks after leaving Dartmouth, fifteen men were helpless with scurvy.

The Quest

Like all who sailed westwards in those days, Sir Rupert Hopkins and his friends had come to find El Dorado. Like all the others, they did not find it. The indications and charts that looked so accurate in Devonshire appeared much more vague in Guiana.

The quest started badly. A pinnace, working up a tributary of the Orinoco in search of the Golden City, was ambushed by Indians and, of her crew, only Sir Rupert, two of the adventurers, and four seamen found their way back through the equatorial forests to the coast. A rapid dash westwards to intercept a treasure-ship from St. Juan on the Isthmus was nearly another disaster. The quarry was sighted, but was found to be

escorted by so large a fleet that it was the *Evangel* that had to sheer off.

On the other hand, after hiding the ship in a forest-lined creek, an overland party surprised not only a caravel completing her rich lading at St. Rafael, but also a mule-train bringing gold from the Yuruari mines, and it was necessary to impress by force, or cajole with promises, a whole tribe of Indians to transport the spoils to the hidden *Evangel*. Three Spanish settlements on the north coast of Venezuela were also surprised and pillaged with fair results. But Hopkins had to ask himself whether any of the expedition would survive to enjoy the profits. Hunger, fever, heat, moisture, disease, insects, wild beasts, savage tribes, desertion, accidents, and Spanish arms had been taking toll all this time, and of the eighty-five men who had left Dartmouth two years before, only forty-seven lean, hard-bitten, tanned, sore, and ragged desperadoes remained to work the ship and her precious cargo back to England.

The Return

For this homeward voyage, stores were needed badly. Miserable native villages were raided but produced little, for the inhabitants had been reduced to semi-starvation long before this by countless similar raids. A Spanish storehouse,

attacked and ransacked, yielded some but not enough.

The *Evangel* put to sea with a half-famished crew and roamed the ocean in search of a ship. She had a few round-shot left in the racks but not a pound of powder with which to fire them. They sighted a biggish ship making her lumbering way to Panama from Spain. At nightfall, the hunger-maddened Dartmouth men got into the leaking longboat, chased the slow-moving Spaniard, came up with her in the darkness, and, with nothing more than the steel they carried in their hands and teeth, captured her and drove below decks her crew of a hundred and the three score soldiers she was carrying. Signal was made for the *Evangel*. She came and was lashed alongside while every ounce of eatable stores was transshipped. There was not a great deal, for there were 160 Spaniards aboard and she was near the term of her voyage.

With something to eat and drink, the men of the *Evangel* managed to reach the new English settlements founded by Raleigh up north on the coast of Virginia, where they careened the ship, scraped her, caulked the most widely gaping seams, rested, and took on stores. Then she sailed for home. The few officers and adventurers that were left kept guard by turns at the trap-door in the cabin floor leading to the armoury below, and to

the lazaret below that again, where lay the fruits of nearly three years' piracy and pillage, while the semi-mutinous crew spent four weeks at the pumps trying to keep the ship afloat. They just succeeded and brought her into Dartmouth. Too wearied to pump longer, they beached her in the upper harbour to prevent her sinking.

Then those left out of the eighty-five who took her first to sea, met to divide the spoils with those who had equipped her. There were shares for all, for each according to his venture, and, for prudence' sake, a share for the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

But when Sheriff Escott came smiling forward for his share, he was like to be killed by the men who had sailed in his cranky ship. For his share, he could have his ship again, lying there on her mudbank this side Dittisham.

CHAPTER X

WITH THE “FORTUNE” TO NEW ENGLAND, 1621

We now come to a new phase of world history — the foundation, by the peoples of Europe, of new nations in the more thinly populated, newly discovered lands.

The greatest and most influential of these nations whose history goes back for no more than 300 years is, of course, the United States of America, the true foundations of which were laid by the journey of the Pilgrim Fathers in 1620.

When morning prayers were over, the thirty-five emigrants on board the little *Fortune* set about such more or less futile tasks as life on ship-board provides. The women can, of course, spin and sew; none of their work will be wasted in the bleak New England winter. There is little that the men can do. Many fall to discussing points of church doctrine or discipline, to reading their Bibles, or writing in their journals. If they look outwards from the ship, it is instinctively westwards that they turn their eyes, as though hoping and expecting at any moment to see that coast to which they are committing their lives and all they possess.

Would the voyage never end? It was already the beginning of November. Last year, the *Mayflower* took nine weeks to make the crossing. Were they to suffer the same mischance and arrive on that harsh coast near mid-winter?

For the most part, they are young, these self-exiling Puritans. The voyage irks them and the formidable tasks ahead seem infinitely preferable to the close, confined monotony of the crowded little ship. They have fewer illusions than the hundred odd who have preceded them and perhaps more cause for anxiety. The *Mayflower*, after wintering in New England, had reached home again in April of this year. The letter and journals she carried, the sombre tales told by her crew, had painted a grim picture of the Promised Land to which last year's pioneers had gone with so much hope and where nearly half their number had already found a grave. When the *Mayflower* had left New Plymouth, there were but six or seven men in the settlement strong enough, after the ordeal of winter, to do a man's work.

The new land, it is certain, is no place for the aged or the weak of body, however strong their faith. The merchants, whose money has made the expedition possible, are already alarmed for its success, and Robert Cushman, their agent, is on board the *Fortune*. How can they hope for a return on their venture if they send any but the

strong and vigorous? They have been able to impose terms that are severe. The work of a man for seven years shall be no better rewarded than a merchant's investment of ten pounds. Yet if the colonists die, to what shall the merchants look for their profit? So it is decided that not even the saintly John Robinson, from whose congregation at Leyden most of the emigrants are drawn, shall accompany his flock. He is already forty-six. It is true that Miles Standish, who is thirty-six, is already at New Plymouth, but Captain Standish is a seasoned soldier, a man exceptional in strength and vigour. John Carver, who was forty-six, has died. It is to men like William Bradford, who is thirty-two, and Edward Winslow, who is twenty-six, that the colony must look for its direction and guidance.

Of the people on board the *Fortune* in this month of November, 1621, some are from John Robinson's congregation at Leyden, men and women who know the Low Countries better than the England they left for conscience' sake thirteen years before. The others are from the widely scattered towns and villages whose names are echoed often incongruously to-day in Massachusetts. Though they have torn up their lives by the roots, though everything they possess on earth is in the hold of the ship that bears them, there is no idea in their minds of severance from

anything but a form of church government to which they cannot conform. They still honour, in word at least, their Most High and Noble Prince, King James. They are still members of the Apostolic Church of England. They have left Holland lest their children become more Dutch than English. Rather than that, they will conquer a virgin land and there establish a state that shall be as English as England.

New Plymouth

The new arrivals have landed on Plymouth Rock, have greeted their friends and kinsfolk, and offered thanks for their safe arrival. When the first emotion is over, they take stock of their new surroundings. What have they come to?

A clear space, not yet a street, stretches straight from the shore to a plain, rectangular, wooden structure, on the roof of which are four small cannon. This is the "platform" or fort, and its interior serves as meeting-place and church. On each side of the track leading to it stand the boarded huts — barely a dozen of them — sheltering the families that remain alive. Crossing this track at about its middle point, and at right angles to it, is a second "street". At the junction stands the house of the governor, and four cannon are placed there to command each of the four ways.

Outside the settlement are the newly turned fields, worked in common by such men as are not required for building, fishing, hunting, or defence. Outside the settlement, too, is the resting-place of those who have died. The privations of the preceding winter, the cold, the wet, the insufficient food, the lack of shelter, the unremitting labour have filled so many graves that even with the arrival of the thirty-five newcomers, the colony is weaker than on the day when first it was planted. The graves are perceptible only as disturbances of the soil. By the time another spring has passed, grass will have hidden them and prowling Indian scouts will not be able, by counting the dead, to discover how few are the living.

Indians luckily are not numerous just here, for a pestilence has decimated the local tribes. But the Narrangessetts are hostile and the settlement dare not relax for a single instant its anxious vigilance. The nearest English are 500 miles to the southward, in Virginia. Far to the north, the French are at Port Royal on the Bay of Fundy. There are a few scattered trading posts along the coast northwards, and Penobscot Bay shelters now and then a few fishing vessels come from England for cod. If attacked, this little band can look nowhere for help. They cannot escape by sea for they have but a leaky row-boat. They must either hold their ground or perish.

So, while one man ploughs, another stands on watch with a loaded and primed matchlock. A drum summons the colonists to church. Each man leaves his house fully armed. The little procession forms with corseleted soldiers in van and rear. In the rough timber church, under the cannon on the platform above, men kneel to pray with their weapons on the floor beside them.

Food

The threat of starvation, which has kept the colony in dread for a year, is even more menacing now that there is an accession of strength. The *Fortune* has brought thirty-five mouths that must be fed, but she has brought no food to fill them. In a year or two there will be corn, corn enough to trade for furs with the Indian tribes. From one field comes a stench of fish. It is there that, under the guidance of a friendly Indian, the English are growing corn in land manured by fish. For meat, the woods must be scoured for game; for vegetables, the women must grub up edible roots. The seasons bring wild fruits and there is fish in the bay. It will be some years yet before there are cattle or swine to be taken from the settlement to pasture under armed guard, and brought back to safety at nightfall.

The labours of the colony will be lightened by the new arrivals. The palisades round houses

and gardens can be completed, and the great bulwark of timber round the hamlet begun. But food is the prime need and food is hard to get.

Isolation

Meanwhile, winter has arrived, the hard winter of the eastern seaboard. The new-comers begin to realize more fully what isolation means. They do not know when, if ever, another supply ship will be sent by the grasping merchants in England. Their contact with the world they have left will be limited to the occasional sight of fishing craft working southwards from the Grand Banks.

The patrols of armed men in the snow-covered fields, the ceaseless vigil by day and by night, the anxious counting of stores, the desperate efforts to provide for oneself those things that civilization automatically furnishes, all this tends to fill the colonists with the feeling that not only are they isolated in a material sense but in a spiritual sense, also. They come to believe with fervour that, in the words of their Elder, "God has sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting and then has sifted the wheat as the living seed of a nation."

The one tangible link with the mother-land lies for a few weeks in the bay. The merchant venturers at home must be persuaded to send further supplies. They must have proof that their

investments are not entirely without fruit. The *Fortune* shall return to England with a lading. So the colonists, setting aside tasks on which their very safety may depend, set to work to cut and split oak clapboard for barrel-staves and go hunting for beaver and other furs.

Nor is that all they must do in order to sever the one link holding them to home. By bitter irony, the ship which brought no food to feed the people she carried, cannot leave till the colonists themselves, by their own labour and from their own almost exhausted little store, have provisioned her for the voyage that will condemn them indefinitely to isolation.

So the *Fortune* sails for home with her pathetic cargo of ill-hewn clapboard and her two hogsheads of half-cured pelts, leaving in perilous solitude that handful of people with nothing but their faith to sustain them.

CHAPTER XI

A FUR-TRADER'S VOYAGE

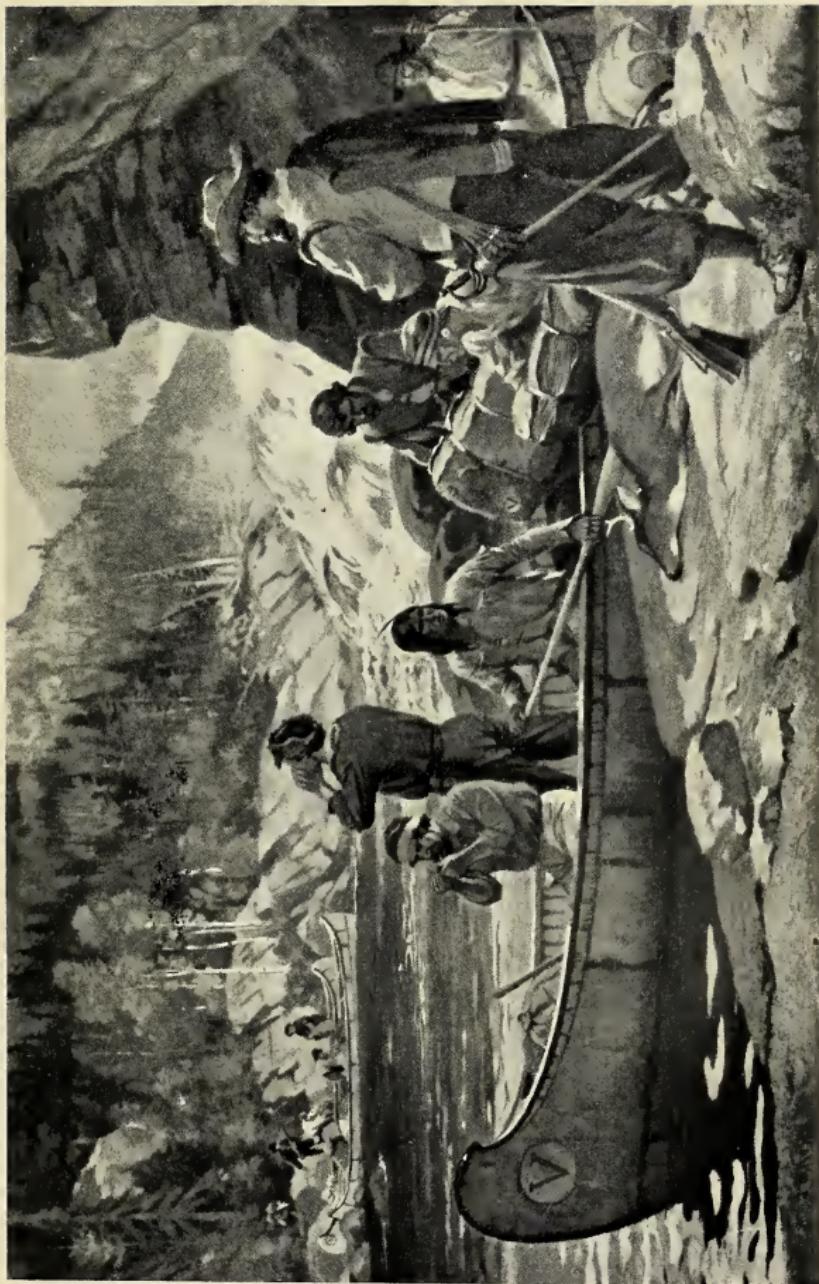
It was not long before the new lands had a fringe of settlements on their shores. For many years these settlements were closely attached to the mother country.

The people of what we call to-day the United States were for 150 years intimately associated with the England from which they came. The Spanish possessions of South America were ruled by Spain; Canada was ruled by France.

It was not until these countries had been developed and opened up that they were in a position to break loose from Europe, and much of this development was done by the colonists themselves.

In the process, the new-comers enriched themselves and the original inhabitants suffered. Mere remnants survive to-day of the Indians who owned North America, of the Aztecs of Mexico, and of the Incas of Peru.

World history has many examples of the conquest, enslavement, and even extinction of native races by peoples *moving westwards*. The process can be seen at work not only in the comparatively recent history of America, but also in the ancient history of Asia and of Europe.



By courtesy of the Canadian Bank of Commerce

COURREURS DE BOIS RETURNING WITH FURS

They have just made a portage from above the falls

The two heavily laden canoes working upstream turned sharply into the backwater and waited. From the river reach above came the sound of paddles. A quarter of an hour later, the hidden men saw the canoe pass. There was an Indian in the bows, another in the stern, and, in between them, a European clothed in black. Father Évariste, the Jesuit missionary, his breviary in his hand, the bag containing the sacred vessels before him, was on the first stage of his two months' journey to Montreal.

He looked an old man and yet was little more than thirty. The eyes of a zealot burned in an emaciated face. Where his ears had been were two red scars. His body bore even more terrible marks of torments endured at the hands of those he sought to convert. Like many of the Jesuit fathers, he had spent the winter months with a tribe wandering in search of food. He was now, at the beginning of summer, preceding the Indian peoples with their loads of beaver skins to the great trade fair on the St. Lawrence. At Montreal, Three Rivers, and Tadoussac, were annual gatherings to which the Indians flocked to barter their beaver pelts and elk hides for such things as seventeenth-century French civilization thought would tempt them.

The Indians would camp just outside the city. There would be a great pow-wow. The

Governor-General would welcome " his children " in the name of the great Louis XIV of France. He would say how urgent it was to increase the supply of beaver pelts (of which Louis XIV took a quarter), how important it was to have no trade whatever with the English, nor with the Dutch, nor with the Iroquois, their allies, and, with the air of one repeating a formula, he would warn them against indulgence in brandy.

Then barter would begin. The trading company was obliged by law to take all good beaver skins offered to it. In exchange were given firearms, powder, ball, gun-flints, knives, hatchets, cloth, and gew-gaws. There were countless small traders who bought from the Indians such goods as were not destined for the royal fur-stores. There were missionaries seeking converts. There were Jesuit lay-brothers with forges who repaired guns or fashioned iron knives, and tried thus to gain the confidence of the savages.

For some days trade went on amid growing excitement. Then, in spite of preaching and prohibition, the Indians got what they came for, and the fair ended in an orgy of drunken bestiality that passed belief.

The " Coureurs de Bois "

The men in the two canoes, whom we have seen hiding in a backwater, had little desire to

meet the Révérend Père Évariste or indeed anyone in authority. There were ten of them all told, three French *coureurs de bois*, two half-breeds, and five Indians of the Huron tribe. The leader was Jean-Baptiste Caron, son of a colonist at Gaspé, husband of a Frenchwoman, one of many sent out from France with a dowry from the King in order that the new colony might become populous and prosperous.

Caron, like most of the vigorous and enterprising men of his time, in spite of edicts, proclamations, punishments, and the thunderings of authority, had taken to the woods and become a *courieur de bois*, bent on securing beaver skins before the official company could do so. The plan was simplicity itself. All one had to do was to intercept the Indians before they reached civilization. One established a small post on an Indian trail or in an Indian country, bought as much brandy and trade rubbish as one could afford, and waited for the tribes to pass on their way to Montreal. If the Indians could procure spirits and arms nearer than the city, why should they make a perilous journey only to find perhaps a stronger prohibition than usual on the sale of liquor?

So men took to the woods, carrying trade to the tribes rather than obliging the tribes to bring trade to them. The evil was so widespread that the authorities became alarmed. Proceedings

were taken against the merchants supplying trade goods for the illegal traffic. The *coureurs de bois* then got into touch with the English and Dutch, and bought trade goods from the enemies of France. These cost a little more, but they were on the whole better goods, and English rum was just as potent as French brandy. The unofficial *coureurs de bois* soon found that they had official but clandestine competitors. Governor Perrot, for example, had his own private trading post on an island in the St. Lawrence some miles above Montreal and there skimmed his own King's market.

The *coureurs de bois* ran great risks, of course, but their chief enemies were the Jesuit missionaries who continuously denounced the trade in spirits with the drink-sodden, disease-ridden natives. But even the Church was torn between two desires. If the French suppressed the trade in liquor, the Indians would simply transfer their allegiance to the English and Dutch, who were heretics. France would lose subjects, and the Church would lose converts. But, on the whole, the missionaries were the only friends the Indians had, and the magnificent tale of their labours is almost the only thing that redeems one of the foulest episodes in modern history.

The Voyage

Caron and his companions come from Michilimackinac, near the junction of Lakes Michigan and Huron. It is there that many of the *coureurs de bois* have their rendezvous, whence they depart in spring, and to where they return in the fall to drink as rapidly as possible the proceeds of their infamous trading. Caron is making for Lake Nipigon, thirty miles north of Lake Superior, by way of Lake Helen and a network of streams. This is almost unknown country, though the great La Salle may have touched it on one of his many journeys of exploration. Father Évariste knows it, one of Caron's half-breeds has been there, but to the others it means breaking a new trail.

The heavily laden birch-bark canoes struggle against the impetuous spring-time current. From time to time, rapids bar the way, and a *portage* must be made. The canoes with all their lading have to be carried on the shoulders of the crews through the dense woods till the quieter waters above the falls are reached. The perils by water are negligible compared with the perils by land. There are poisonous snakes, fierce beasts, and tormenting insects. And, especially, there are lurking Indians. Against the tribes there are but two defences — the white man's prestige and

the white man's arms. Familiarity will in time bring contempt for the first. The second, the white man surrenders by himself putting guns and ammunition into the hands of the Redskins.

But Jean-Baptiste Caron is a pioneer, and is not worrying himself about those who may later be slain by the flint-locks he hopes to sell to Indians whom he will previously prime with brandy. He is opening up a new tract that in a century's time will bear all the marks of civilization. Of this he is thinking not at all, and the blessings of civilization he and his companions are bearing into the wilderness are very well disguised. His knives and axes, trumpery guns, fiery brandy, and his white man's diseases will serve to exterminate the red man before they can civilize him.

The little expedition arrives on the fringe of the tribal country. By the side of the lake a stockade is rapidly built. Soldiers will come later to occupy it in the name of the *Roi Soleil*, Louis XIV, the anointed of God. They will complete the demoralization of the Indians begun by the cupidity, duplicity, and brutality of Caron and his like, to whom a savage drunk is more valuable and perhaps less dangerous than a savage sober.

The Aftermath

And when Father Evariste returns in the autumn, he will find his little bark church burnt or defiled, his few converts slain or relapsed into heathendom, the tribe impoverished, bitter, half-starved, and rotten with disease. He will rebuild his church. Then he will go with the tribe on their winter hunting trail, even perhaps on the war-path, and have his soul seared by witnessing the unnameable horrors that accompany victory or defeat. But he will never cease his labours while he lives.

Caron by this time has got back to Michilimackinac with his ill-won beaver skins. He sells these and is paid with playing-cards stamped with a crown and a *fleur-de-lis*, for there is no coin. All coin finds its way back to France. The authorities, at their wits' end, cut playing-cards into four pieces and call them money. They may be exchanged for bills, and the man who knows how can get drunk on bills. Jean-Baptiste Caron knows how. Meanwhile, his beaver skins have gone to Montreal to swell a store of furs so immense as to be unsaleable. The makers of hats in France can take no more. Someone has the happy idea of burning three-quarters of the accumulation to enhance the price of the remainder, a fact that hardly seems

to justify the slaughter of millions of beaver and the demoralization of millions of Indians.

All over the American continent at the end of the seventeenth century, civilization thus spread itself. What the French did in New France, the English did in New England, and the Dutch did in New Holland. First came the Father Evaristes, then the Jean-Baptiste Carons, then the soldiers of the Kings by Divine Right — Louis XIV, the *Roi Soleil*, Charles II, the Merry Monarch. Then, into the desert thus made, the settlers slowly crept, and, fighting Nature for a living, repaired some of the devastation.

CHAPTER XII

ON JOHN COMPANY'S SERVICE

We have seen the nations of Europe overrun certain lands, dispossess or exterminate the original natives, as in North America, and establish themselves as new nations.

World history has numerous instances of another sort of domination. In many parts of Africa, in India, in the islands of the Pacific, which, on account of their climate or for other reasons, are unsuitable as homes for men from temperate lands, the conquerors have been content merely to rule and not, as in Canada or Australia, to occupy the soil. In most cases, the dominant people had for a long while little thought but to make as much profit as possible from their occupation.

As time went on, however, there came a new conception of the part to be played, and the conquerors, while still continuing to profit by their occupation of the territory, assumed the duty of protectors and administrators.

We should note that while India, for example, is an excellent market for our products, Great Britain draws no revenue from its people. It is not now a country exploited to enrich its conquerors, as was the case in the early history of colonization and empire.

The foundation of the East India Company is the outstanding example of a practice often adopted in the early development of colonies and dependencies. Private trading companies were authorized by the home governments not only to trade in the new possessions, but were given the monopoly of trading and the right to administer and govern. The East India Company had its own army and its own fleet. It was not till 1858 that the United Kingdom assumed sole responsibility for the government of India.

The *Patna*, East Indiaman, 750 tons burthen, Willis master, had taken three days to beat round the North Foreland from her berth in London River off Blackwall. Now she lay swaying in the Downs. The lascar members of her crew cowered from the bitter March wind in whatever shelter they could find. The young subalterns, the junior writers, clerks, and such small fry in the company's service who had joined the ship in London, preferred to remain between decks and recover from their seasickness rather than be chilled to the bone by east wind and spray. Only the Deal boatmen were happy. The big-wigs among the passengers, who, of course, had left London by coach, were being rowed in twos and threes from shore to ship, and being drenched in the process at the rate of anything from £2 to £4 a head, instead of the fine-weather fare of five shillings.

Captain Willis, who wore a boat-cloak which covered his fine blue uniform with its black velvet facings, his buff-coloured waistcoat, and his breeches, personally received on board such passengers as he deemed worthy of the honour. These were usually the members of the Council, directors, generals, and governors paying 200 guineas or more for their passage to Bengal. The others, travelling perhaps for no more than £95, could be looked after by the purser.

The hand baggage has been hoisted aboard, the newly embarked passengers go to warm themselves with brandy in the cuddy, their bewildered and already seasick servants are set to carry the bedding and cabin utensils to the allotted state-rooms, the last extortionate boatman is driven off by the threat of a twenty-pound round-shot being dropped into his boat, the sails are sheeted home, the anchor weighed, and the long voyage to Calcutta begun. The voyage can hardly last much less than six months and may even demand a whole year.

At Sea

By the time Lisbon is reached, the ship's company has settled down. The passengers, have divided themselves into the inevitable cliques. There are purse-shaking *nabobs* returning to India to continue the process of squeezing

native princes and exploiting peasants that has made them rich. There are dignified officials of John Company at whom the junior employees on board look with much awe and not a little hope of being noticed and approved. There are soldiers returning to the Company's armies from leave. There are the usual children pampered by their parents and flattered by native servants.

Round them all is an aura of wealth either acquired already or secured in anticipation. Not a junior writer, not a humble storekeeper but knows by heart the tales of fortunes made in the space of a few years. These servants of the great East India Company, most of them ill-paid, will not be debarred from trading on their own account, nor, in spite of the outcry against Governor-General Warren Hastings, at this moment being tried, do they despair of securing regular "presents" from corruptible and corrupting Bengalese. Times are not what they were, it is true. There is a new regulation that the acceptance of all "presents" exceeding 2000 rupees in value must be notified to the Company. The day is probably past when methods might be employed by which a man could acquire £50,000 in a couple of years. There was a time when even the captains of the ships on the eastern run could make £10,000 on a single voyage. But, in spite of new restrictions and an aroused public

opinion at home, India is still the land for the get-rich-quick.

A favourable wind carries the *Patna* from the Azores to Madeira, from Madeira to the Canaries, from the Canaries to the Cape Verde Islands, and thence to Ascension and St. Helena. At every port, opportunity is taken to replenish the water-supplies, to buy fresh vegetables, and to replace the sheep, pigs, geese, ducks, and hens that have been slaughtered by the ship's butcher to supply the cabin tables. The main-deck of the ship has, indeed, not a little of the farmyard about it. There are pens for two milch cows, half a dozen sheep, and as many pigs. There are trusses of hay and sacks of forage. Geese and ducks inhabit the long-boat lashed amidships.

Gigantic meals are served in the cuddy with the captain enthroned at one long table, the surgeon, the chaplain, or the purser presiding over others. The Company provides all wines, spirits, and beers. Passengers help themselves to what they like, to as much as they like, and when they like.

Discipline aboard is strict for both passengers and crew. To each of the former as he boarded the ship was handed a printed list of rules and regulations, to be followed in detail under penalty even of irons. On ships of over 500 tons, a

chaplain is carried. Otherwise, the commander conducts Divine Service every Sunday.

The routine is that of a man-of-war. There is regular gunnery practice with the thirty-four guns which the ship carries. There is arms drill, boat drill, fire drill, sail drill. With seamen, the Company is popular. English foremast hands receive £2, 5s. a month, which is more than a second mate would receive elsewhere. There are pensions for aged seamen, free medical attendance, and other privileges. Of course, many of the men have come to sea against their will. At the end of the eighteenth century, only the inexperienced *chose* to go to sea. The Company's crimps have to work hard, for the naval press-gangs will always seize East Indiaman hands if they can get them.

The ship is small, passengers, officers, crew and farmyard are thrown too much together for comfort or even good relations.

Between St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, the *Patna* encounters bad weather. The passengers, forbidden to come on deck, are condemned to a miserable existence for days on end, while the ship, under reduced sail or even hove-to, struggles against a South Atlantic gale.

Four months after leaving Blackwall, the *Patna* staggers into Table Bay with half her suit of sails in ribbons, her fore-topmast gone, her decks

swept bare of boats, pens, and coops, her bulwarks stove in, her crew exhausted, and her passengers frightened, famished, and ill. The Company's agents promise to have all repairs completed in a fortnight. The male passengers organize shooting parties and go up country. Officers and crew replenish stores. At the end of the fortnight, the refitting is still unfinished. The ship has been badly strained. This is her fourth voyage and there are few ships in the Indian trade that will stand the wear and tear of six return trips. Captain Willis storms at the agents, at the shipwrights, at his officers and crew. A few more weeks' delay and the south-west monsoon will have blown itself out and a quick passage to Calcutta become impossible.

The Indian Ocean

At the end of July the ship is at last ready for sea again. The passengers reassemble, hating one another more than ever. The monsoon holds. There is a quick run to Mauritius. The island is in a ferment, for the Revolution in France has its echoes here.

Four days after leaving the excitement of Port Louis, the sight of armed Arab dhows causes momentary alarm. The decks are cleared for action, and the women and children bundled down below. Seeing little hope of success, the

pirate dhows sheer off and the *Patna* in due course reaches Ceylon, where her lascars and the passengers' native servants begin to forget how they have shivered.

The nabobs get more arrogant, the junior writers more hopeful. A fortnight later, after some battering in the Bay of Bengal, the *Patna* picks up the indispensable pilot off the mouth of the Hoogly, makes her way gingerly up the ever-shifting channel, and comes to anchor in Diamond Harbour as nearly as possible eight months after leaving the Downs.

The China Trade

But her journey does not end at Calcutta. Her passengers have dispersed on the common errand of making as much for the Company and for themselves as an already squeezed native population can be forced to disgorge. The ship then loads pepper, ivory, and bees-wax, and sails for Canton in January with the tail of the north-east monsoon. Running eastwards of the Philippines to take advantage of the northerly current back to the China coast, she has a serious affray with a score of fast junks from the Ladrone Islands. She beats them off, but only with the loss of fifteen of her crew, and with considerable damage to her rigging and upper-works. It was in these waters a few years later, that the *Kennett* was

looted and burnt by the same pirate fleet, and all but four of her men killed.

Canton is not like Calcutta. Here, the Company is on sufferance. There is no high-handed behaviour. Ships must remain at the anchorage of Whampoa. Their crews, if they land at all, are confined to a narrow strip of territory on Danes Island, and, to avoid any trespass, a guard-boat rows continuously round the moorings. Trade is permissible only with the Co-Hong, the body of Chinese merchants specially incorporated by the Emperor to hold intercourse with the "foreign devils," and these Hong merchants are taking no risks, for they are personally responsible to the Emperor for the security and behaviour of the Company's officers and crews.

The China voyage is hardly popular with the ship's company of the *Patna*. John Company's regulations read: "Neither you nor your officers are to go a-shooting on any pretence whatsoever. . . . Keep your ship's company within the bounds of Sobriety and Decency so as not to give offence to the Chinese Government."

But, on the other hand, the China trade is profitable. The *Patna*'s homeward cargo of silks and sago, porcelain and tea, spices, sandalwood, and seal-skins can be sold in London for nearly as much as the ship is now worth.

Unfortunately for the Company and for Captain

Willis, whose own trading has been prosperous, the return of the *Patna* is delayed, and when at last she makes her first English landfall in the Channel, war has just been declared with France. Aboard the *Patna* nothing is known of this, and, when in sight of Falmouth, the ship falls an easy and unsuspecting prey to a French privateer out of Brest.

CHAPTER XIII

TO SEA WITH A SLAVER

In ancient times it was the usual practice for a victorious nation to enslave its vanquished enemies. The tremendous achievements in building and engineering of the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, were only made possible by turning whole nations into slaves.

The slave system of North America is of another character. The early colonists were few in number, while the native Red Indian population was numerous and warlike. The Spaniards, it is true, enslaved some of the tribes of South America, but these people were of a different stamp. The Red Indians were, indeed, a menace to the safety of the colonists till they were at last so reduced in numbers and in strength by war, disease, and alcohol as to be almost negligible.

The colonists, however, had urgent need of labour and they sought it in Africa. Sir John Hawkyns, the great seaman of Elizabethan times, was the first Englishman to engage in the African slave trade, and it was by negro labour that the foundations of West Indian prosperity and the cotton monopoly of the United States were laid.

The descendants of the vast numbers of negroes

carried as slaves to North and Central America form to-day a very important section of the community, and the difficulties raised by the presence side by side of both black and white peoples has created a problem very difficult of solution. The negroes desire equality with the whites. The whites, on the other hand, are disinclined to grant any facilities which might upset the balance of a society in which they at present are in a position of superiority.

A somewhat differently created colour problem exists in other parts of the world — in India and in South Africa, for example.

Long before the 150-ton brig *Halcyon* dropped anchor in the muddy, rank-smelling river-mouth, every negro within a radius of ten miles had taken to the bush. But Captain Theodore Ramage was used to that. It did not matter a great deal. Coast niggers were not much good any way owing to trade-rum and white men's diseases on top of their own.

Ramage and his first mate, cursing the insects, the smells, and, above all, the clammy, sticky heat, slowly made their way to the big palisaded barracoon. Half a dozen armed Arabs squatted in what shade they could find, and kept their gaze on the strongly built stockade from behind which came a confused wailing murmur. Approaching one of the Arab guards, Ramage inquired "Ibrahim?" The man shook his head

and in the mixed jargon of the Coast explained that Ibrahim was not expected till the morrow. The captain spat with disgust. That meant hanging about for a week.

“How many in there?” he asked the Arab.

“Forty-two.”

“Not enough.”

The two men returned to the brig, stumbling over the bodies of the crew who, since the fo’c’sle was uninhabitable owing to the heat, were sprawling on the deck wherever the faint breeze promised some slight freshness. Neither they nor the officers seemed to notice what would inevitably have impressed a stranger immediately — the stale, sour fetidness that seemed to emanate from nowhere in particular and from everywhere at once — the sickening stench that, even in the open sea, betrayed the slaver even when she was invisible below the horizon.

The Gang

On the following day, Ibrahim appeared, mounted on a superb Arab horse. His white robe was spotless, and on his head he wore the green turban of the *Hadji*, who has made at least one pilgrimage to Mecca. He rode up to the ramshackle settlement at the head of his gang.

Stumbling in their tracks, their eyes glazed with fear and weariness, their bodies scarred by

the passage through unending miles of jungle, and by the hide whips of their captors, the negroes staggered into the barracoon. They were coupled in pairs by a sort of double-ended wooden fork clamped round their galled necks. Most of them carried on their heads some kind of burden — a bag of meal, a tusk of ivory, a log of hardwood. At intervals along the seemingly interminable file strolled the guards, Arabs for the most part. All carried muskets and a whip, the lash of which fell now and then on the back of some poor wretch in the last stage of exhaustion. There were women in the gang and a number of wondering and unhappy children.

In the view of Ramage, they were not on the whole a bad lot. He had seen many worse arrivals. If only he could get them away before competitors came and forced the price up! The settlement storekeeper had hinted that Leroy was on his way from Bordeaux, and the *Hope* from Bristol was expected. There might be others.

Thin columns of smoke now rose above the palisades. The mess of meal was being cooked. The guards brought out and stacked bundles of the neck-yokes. The confused, wailing murmur grew.

That night, Ramage went to the house of Ibrahim and bargained, but no bargain was

struck. The Arab had only to wait; the price would rise as competition declared itself. He bemoaned the scarcity of good negroes. The present lot were first class, but even so he had lost one in every eight on the journey to the Coast. If Ramage would take the gang as it was, without waiting, he would get them cheaper. Ibrahim would be saved the cost of feeding them for a week.

The Englishman hesitated. If he embarked the slaves before they had had time to recover from the journey through the bush, he stood to lose a high percentage on the voyage. He temporized. Ibrahim politely acquiesced, merely mentioning that several ships were due and that he had no doubt about his ability to clear his stock.

The conversation passed to more general matters of the trade. Ramage told of his disappointment of the year before. He had gone to the British military settlement of Goree the day the Governor was holding a kind of *fête*. Over a hundred fine niggers — men, women, and children — all in good condition, were there enjoying themselves. Ramage had suggested that, if the Governor would only give the word, he would round up the whole lot and ship them straight away. Like a fool, and unlike his immediate predecessor on a similar occasion, the Governor had refused.

On his side, Ibrahim complained that the price of brandy and gunpowder was making a big hole in his modest profits. Without liberality in both commodities, the chiefs were refusing to sell their own people, let alone make slave raids for him on their neighbours. Old-established firms like his were feeling the pinch, and every year he was having to go farther and farther afield for supplies.

After two days of close bargaining, Ramage secured an option on his cargo. All told, there were about four hundred negroes. He doubted if he could load so many. Finally, he got 350 at an average price of £20 a head. Ibrahim offered him the "rubbish" left over after the selection — two score weak and sick negroes, with a few women and children. He could have the lot for an extra £150 and take his chance of their surviving the passage to Jamaica. Ramage consented. Some of the rubbish was obviously not worth loading. He left them to the Arab guards to deal with.

The Voyage

The *Halcyon* sailed. Her main hold was a space between decks a little over five feet high. Down the middle ran a gangway from end to end. On each side was a continuous shelf.

Packed on the shelves and on the deck below them were close on 400 negroes chained two and two. So closely were they stowed that they could not lie on their backs and sitting-up was, of course, entirely out of the question.

Ramage's cargo might consider itself lucky. It was at least spared the horror of the "Middle Passage", the moving up and down the coast through the tropics for perhaps weeks till sufficient negroes were obtained to complete a cargo.

For ten days after leaving the Coast, the *Halcyon* had good weather. Daily, a part of the lading was forced up on deck and there made to dance. The music was supplied by whips. Dancing loosened cramped limbs and opened stifled chests. While a number of negroes were thus exercising on deck, others were set to work to clean up, as far as possible, the unspeakable filth of the hold and to throw overboard the day's dead.

Pease, meal, and water were doled out at intervals. In the Doldrums, the ship was becalmed for nearly a week, while the death-rate from suffocation and dysentery rose by leaps and bounds. The water ration, already short, had to be still further shortened. Ramage seriously considered the advisability of sacrificing part of his cargo to keep the rest alive.

The calm ended, and none too soon. There

had been deaths among the crew. Service on slave ships was well paid but notoriously risky, for even slaver captains cannot chain disease. A breeze came and freshened into a gale. For three days, the hatches had to be kept battened down. On the fourth day, Ramage discovered that his cargo was diminished by nearly a fifth, and the remainder looked like being almost unsaleable.

Journey's End

At least four weeks after leaving Africa with 390 negroes aboard, the *Halcyon* came into Kingston Harbour, Jamaica, and just under 300 emaciated, fever-ridden bodies were driven across the gang-plank into an enclosure, there to be "seasoned," that is, allowed to recover from the effects of the voyage. Another score died in the process. So many others were sick that Ramage hastened the sale and offered his negroes at bargain prices lest still more died on his hands. By the time he found a purchaser, the original 390 had become 250. Fortunately for him, the sugar crop promised well, and there had been a high mortality among the slaves in the island. Jamaica did not seem to suit them so well as Africa. Between 1700 and 1786, over 600,000 negroes had been imported and still there were not enough. However, Ramage got an average

price of just over £30, which meant a gross profit of £350 only. It had been an unlucky voyage. Slaving might have its vicissitudes but on the whole there was not too much to grumble at. The trade reckoned that if you had one good trip in three, you need not worry about the other two.

Ramage did not talk so much as some people about the saintly mission of bringing debased negroes into the light of Christianity, nor did he go to the trouble of applauding the highly patriotic motives that actuated his clients who declared that English civilization would perish without negro labour. To him, as a practical man with his living to get, niggers appeared solely as merchandise. And if his merchandise was more easily spoiled than coal or piece-goods, there was, at any rate, a constant market for it. He and his fellows in 192 ships from Liverpool, Bristol, London, and Lancaster, carried 47,000 negroes in 1771. It is true they did not all live.

CHAPTER XIV

FROM FRANCE WITH A SPY AND A SMUGGLER

It is difficult for us to imagine the conditions of poverty and discomfort in which people lived during many centuries of our history.

It is probably true to say that the middle-class Roman was better fed, better housed, and better clothed than the middle-class Englishman who lived 1500 years later. Compared with Ancient Rome or Athens, London in the days of George III was a mean, dirty, ill-kept, insanitary provincial town, full of dirty, ill-clad, ill-fed citizens.

But during the eighteenth century, the people of England generally, and of many other countries besides, were growing in knowledge of the world, in wealth, and in power. All over Europe, the common folk began to assert themselves and to claim privileges that formerly had been jealously guarded by the nobles and great landowners. They wanted better food and better clothing and they desired especially those little luxuries from foreign countries that seemed to mark for them a difference in social conditions.

Tea, wines, spirits, lace, silk, gloves, are none of them necessary to existence. The rich, because they were rich, had been able to enjoy them for centuries.

They were a sort of sign of social superiority and therefore the lower classes coveted them rather than more useful things, such as good houses or pure water. Perhaps because of that, the ruling class put heavy duties on them, thereby keeping them their own privilege.

Whether or not that is the case, it is certain that people who could not really afford them insisted on having them. So that they might be cheap, they were illegally imported, and thus the smuggling trade grew up and acquired an enormous importance which only declined when Free Trade brought the luxuries with which smuggling concerned itself within the reach of all who desired them.

The cutter, *Pride of Rye*, lay alongside the quay at Boulogne ready to sail on the night tide. She had on board about a ton and a half of tea that had cost her charterers just under £400, and 400 half-ankers of brandy (the half-anker held some four gallons) costing 10s. each. The total value of her cargo was thus about £600.

Mr. Henry Burrows, chief agent of a well-respected English firm engaged in free-trade, came on board at night-fall to bid Captain Gregory good-bye. He brought with him a passenger, whom he introduced as Meinheer van Druck. This gentleman, muffled up to a pair of very dark eyes, mumbled a word of greeting in an

accent that was neither very English nor very Dutch and, with a great deal of haste, sought the shelter of the stuffy cabin aft.

When the passenger had disappeared, Mr. Burrows began to talk business to his captain. The Revenue cutter *Arcturus* was refitting at Dover and could be disregarded. The Government sloop *Penguin* was last heard of off the Start. There were dragoons at Shoreham, and a new Excise riding-officer at Deal. Another cutter of the Burrows firm was about to leave Dunkirk for Romney Marsh. In the circumstances, it would seem that Captain Gregory had best make for Pett levels, just east of Hastings. The riders had been warned and Gregory would find fifty horses, with the necessary escort and helpers, waiting at the appointed place two nights later.

At about ten o'clock that night, with the first of the ebb, Gregory cast off and the *Pride of Rye* glided between the jetties. There was nothing furtive in her departure; the cutter was engaged in what was considered by everyone except the Excise authorities at home as a perfectly honest business. A seaman might have felt that the captain's handling of his ship, when at the harbour mouth, was open to criticism. The cutter came so close to the head of the jetty that she almost grazed her topsides against the weed-hung piles.

At the same instant a bundle wrapped in oil-skin dropped with a thud on her deck. Gregory knew how to dispose of twenty yards of fine lace and a gross of white kid-gloves. There was no need to tell Burrows anything about so small a private venture.

The Trade

With considerable regularity, one cutter under the orders of Mr. Henry Burrows left the port of Boulogne every day. A similar fleet, based on Flushing and Middelburg, was equally well organized. From every port from the Elbe to Brest the trade was carried on. England consumed something like 5,000,000 pounds of tea per annum and duty was paid on about a fifth of that quantity. At least 20,000 Englishmen had no other occupation but smuggling. Gregory had been regularly *apprenticed* to the trade. He was merely, of course, a captain of a cutter, and could not hope to make the money gained by the wholesale merchants like old Robert Hanning of Dunkirk, who sold stuff to the tune of £40,000 a year, or Cruel Coppinger, who could give a like sum to his daughter as her dowry when she became Lady Clinton. But even Gregory could hope to retire from business at an early age and build himself a nice house overlooking Rye harbour.

A Channel Passage

By noon the following day, the *Pride of Rye* was somewhere in mid-Channel. The passenger appeared on deck. He had discarded his muffling cloak and his Dutch pseudonymity and now showed himself for what he was — a French *émigré* fleeing from the Revolution and on his way with letters and a false passport to join his numerous compatriots in England, there to combine the very imperfect teaching of French, music, and dancing, with equally futile plotting against the Republic. Gregory had seen many such during the past two years or so. Burrows ran a sort of clandestine travel agency at a considerable profit. He had to be careful, however, for the authorities would have spoiled his legitimate tea and brandy trade had they been able to do more than guess what he was up to.

That afternoon, a big ship was sighted on her way up Channel. To the unpractised eye she might have been a frigate, but the crew of the *Pride of Rye* knew her at once for a homecoming East Indiaman. Gregory, at the risk of losing a tide, hung about till he was able to make signals. The answer being apparently satisfactory, he ran his cutter as close as he dared to the huge ship, which had backed her topsails and was waiting for him. He launched his punt and

boarded her, coming back with two bales of silks and muslins that the captain of the *Plassey* had consented to part with from his own private trading, and that Gregory hoped to dispose of at a considerable profit to himself.

On the second evening after the departure from Boulogne, Gregory was in sight of the cliffs at Fairlight and, in case of emergency, had his four brass guns loaded and other defensive preparations made. At sea, he had little to fear. Most of the revenue cutters and sloops were no match in speed for the *Pride of Rye*. Then, too, their crews were often composed of men not considered good enough for honest smuggling craft. There was no more unpopular service than that of the King's Excise, both ashore and afloat. Every man's hand was against the revenue men, who went in danger of their lives once they left their ships.

What Gregory had reason to fear was that he might be surprised during the landing of his cargo. If taken with arms in their hands, he and his men might be transported for life. At the best, they were liable to be sent into the Navy for five years, and Navy discipline had a bad name.

The Landing

At about ten o'clock, when off the flat, low shore east of Hastings, Gregory three times lifted a lighted lantern standing ready in a dry bucket. Three flashes on shore answered him. He cautiously approached the pebble beach. Almost before the anchor was dropped in two fathoms of water, the cutter was surrounded by a dozen small boats.

With remarkable speed, these were loaded with the brandy tubs, ready slung in pairs, and with the "dollops" of tea in forty-pound oilskin packages. As each boat was filled, she was thrust ashore and, with as little noise as possible, the cargo was slung on the backs of fifty or so horses "borrowed" from the farms in the neighbourhood. Every farm labourer for miles round had come to help in the good work. Half a guinea, a package of saleable tea, and the leakings from a damaged tub made a welcome addition to a wage of sixpence a day.

Private business was being simultaneously conducted. Long before the last boat-load had reached the shore, the Comte de Vignol was on the road to Hastings, where he had the fond hope of being accommodated by a compatriot as penurious as himself. Quite early in the proceedings, Gregory's own packets had been taken ashore

under his own care and given in charge of his old friend and business associate, the Mayor of Winchelsea, who, in anticipation of something of the kind happening, had ridden over to Pett. Mayor Clarke had a brother in London and to him the stuff should go by carrier no later than the morrow.

His own interests served, Gregory made his way again down the shelving beach and in the darkness collided with the rotund figure of the parish vicar, who had come to offer, if need be, the shelter of the church crypt for such of the goods as could not be dispersed immediately. They were all in it.

Disposal

By noon the following day, much of the *Pride of Rye*'s lading was making its way on pack-horses and in country wagons under armed guard across the Kent and Surrey borders. Much of it went quite openly unless the presence of excise-men and dragoons was suspected. If these could not be bribed, they might be beaten off, as occurred more than once. A notable instance of this was an affray near Canterbury, where a corporal and eight dragoons, in charge of a seized cargo of spirits, had four men killed and wounded and lost the tubs they were guarding. This was by no means an isolated

affair, and all along the coast from the Wash to Land's End there were frequent skirmishes between smugglers and those whose duty it was to enforce the law.

All In It

They were all in it. At an hour's notice, Hawkhurst in Kent could turn out 500 free-traders who feared neither excise-men nor dragoons. It was they who sacked the Customs warehouse at Poole in broad daylight. Smuggling was almost as well organized as that commercial model, the East India Company. Nearly everybody either openly took a hand or secretly helped: the lord and his lady, the squire and his wife, the magistrate and the lawyer, the parson and his clerk, the colonel and his officers. The honest tradesman did not like it because it ruined his commerce. The farmer was often hostile because his carts and horses were borrowed and his labourers demoralized. But neither tradesman nor farmer dared complain, for the way of the informer was hard. Even unwillingness to help might mean personal violence, fired ricks, and hamstrung cattle. If you could not help, it was safest not to be interested at all—the best plan was to stay at home with the door bolted and the shutters on the windows. There was that young man who happened to be lounging

about while twenty well-armed smugglers were refreshing themselves at the Red Lion in Rye. He was carried off for his curiosity and never seen again. He was but one of hundreds.

CHAPTER XV

FOR THE TERM OF HIS NATURAL LIFE

In the middle of the nineteenth century, the process of developing great nations outside Europe and Asia went on rapidly. The new states in America, Australasia, and Africa had been founded by Europeans. They were governed by Europeans. It was natural, then, that where possible they should be populated by Europeans.

The empty lands were crying out for colonists to develop them. Neither in North America nor in Australia were there native peoples able or willing to become agriculturalists. The difficulty was partly overcome by forcing people to go overseas.

For many years, convicted persons, prisoners taken in rebellion or civil war, persons in debt, and so on, were transported to the American colonies where they worked as slaves.

When the United States declared their independence, this transportation of convicts from England had to cease, and they were sent instead to the new settlements in Australia.

One dark night in the autumn of the year 1800, William Dawkins stepped out of his cottage door, and *via* the squire's coverts, set out for Australia. He had not that destination in mind

but, having been caught red-handed with a pheasant under his coat, he was perhaps lucky that the road he took was to Australia and not to the gallows.

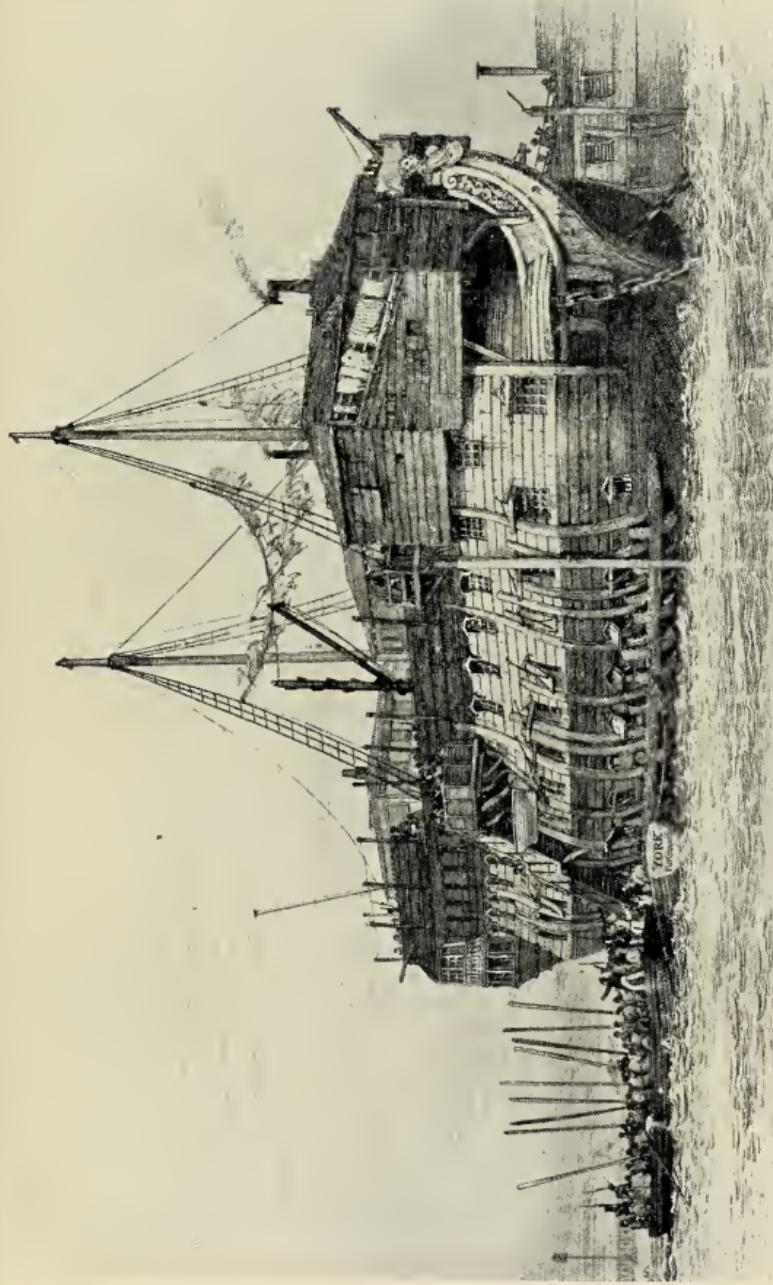
William had the choice of over 200 different crimes if he desired to be hanged, though for some time previous to his lapse only twenty-five had regularly provided opportunities for inflicting the penalty of death. No neck was safe if its owner stole something of greater value than five shillings. William probably knew this just as he knew that if you stole a man's gathered apples you were guilty of a felony, while if you climbed his fence and picked the apples for yourself you were guilty of trespass only. Simple as our William was, he possibly knew, too, that it was safer to let a man see you steal his goods than to do it when he wasn't looking. In the former case, you could only be transported for life; in the latter, you were more than likely to be hanged.

William, having been caught with a dead pheasant that did not belong to him, was thrust into the village lock-up, and, on the following morning, hauled before the local justice, who happened to be the owner of the pheasant. He was, naturally, committed for trial, and, in the care of the parish beadle, walked in chains nine miles to the nearest jail, there to await the opening of the assizes eight months later.

The County Jail

At the jail, he was given in charge of the keeper of the prison, whose first inquiries were directed to finding out what he could hope to extort in fees, for the jailer, besides receiving no salary, was in a large degree responsible for the repair and maintenance of the prison. William was a disappointment. Not only had he no money, but it appeared that he knew no one else who had any. So a heavily barred door was opened and the prisoner pushed with scant ceremony into the presence of those who were to be his companions for several months.

He was greeted with the customary demand for "garnish." Having no six-and-eightpence with which to satisfy the thirst of the score of prisoners in the common-room of the jail, he was obliged to part with his coat. "Pay or strip" was the universal rule. William, having lived in a hovel for all his eighteen years, was not squeamish, but he found the prison distasteful and the conditions bewildering. The prison was not a place of punishment. Twenty years earlier, an act authorizing the building of penitentiaries had been passed, but so far nothing had been done about it beyond using a few old hulks in the Thames and at Portsmouth as temporary accommodation—an emergency measure



A PRISON HULK AT PORTSMOUTH

From an etching in the British Museum

that was still in force nearly sixty years later. William's prison was merely a place of detention, in which men, women, and children awaited trial, or, having been tried, awaited execution or transportation, or, having been pardoned, awaited some wind-fall that would permit them to pay the discharge fees demanded by the jailer, the sheriff, the under-sheriff, and His Majesty's Secretary of State. In the same prison lay the debtors, whose original indebtedness was increasing by arithmetical progression as the costs and fees accumulated during the years.

William found some thirty prisoners in a room 25 feet by 18 feet. The walls dripped with moisture; an open sewer ran down one side; beaten earth formed the floor; the jailer, having to pay the window-tax himself, had bricked up two of the four windows each less than two feet square. This was the day-room in which the captives spent all their waking hours, in which they received their visitors, and, very often, kept their families. At night, the inmates were locked in cells below the ground-level. William slept on the floor. The jailer demanded 2s. 6d. a week for a bed plus 5d. a week for sheets. Even to share a bed with two others cost 1s. At first, his irons troubled our poacher severely. For 2s. 6d. a week paid to the jailer he could have been excused them. But William had no money

at all, not even enough to buy beer and spirits from the keeper of the prison. He was looked upon, therefore, as an unprofitable burden.

For food he had his statutory pennyworth of bread a day. When she could, his wife walked nine miles each way to bring him what she managed to scrape together.

Tried and Condemned

Just before the assizes, there was the jail-delivery. All the prisoners committed for trial — men, women, and children — set out together for the assize town on foot and heavily ironed. The prison stench accompanied them across country, that foulness which made it impossible for even a mere prison visitor like John Howard, the reformer, to travel in a closed vehicle. At night, they were herded into barns and outhouses.

The procession, as usual, arrived late. As usual, there was no time to wash the prisoners in vinegar, according to the provisions of the Gaol Distemper Act, a precaution taken by the law to prevent prisoners revenging themselves on society by infecting judges and counsel with jail-fever.

So William Dawkins and a dozen others — filthy, unshaven, in rags, verminous, emaciated, shaking with ague, wet through with the rain of two long days — were bundled into a court strewn

with aromatic herbs. As in a dream, he heard a judge mumble, in between sniffs at a disinfecting nosegay, the words that condemned him to transportation beyond the seas for the term of his natural life.

From a cell beneath the courthouse, William, still in irons, still unwashed, still verminous, still more than half starved, went on foot from prison to prison until he reached Portsmouth. There his jailers were relieved by red-coated marines, who drove him and a score of others into a boat. He saw and felt the sea for the first time in his life. Unsteadily he climbed a ladder giving access to the rat-ridden hulk that was to be his home till a ship was ready to take him overseas. The hulk was very like all the many other prisons he had known. There was not much more food, for the overseer appointed by the local justices had to make a living. Aboard that hulk at anchor in Portsmouth harbour, William spent six months.

Then he was transferred to the converted East Indiaman that was to take him and three hundred others to New South Wales. The voyage lasted ten months, and, during that time, William was comparatively happy. The food was appalling, the conditions aboard indescribable, for someone had contracted to take the convicts out for no more than £27 a head, but a deck-house

was better than a cell, and there were long days spent in sunshine and air.

Then, just two years after he had been taken with a newly killed pheasant under his coat, William Dawkins set foot on the shores of Sydney Harbour and had his irons removed.

In those two years he had changed considerably. The village had known him as a fine, upstanding young fellow, a little bit simple perhaps, but a man without vices — unless a taste for game be a vice — God-fearing, hard-working, clean in person, and in mind. He landed at Port Jackson a bowed, shaken, and shifty rogue. For two years he had not done a hand's turn of work. For two years he had been learning consciously and unconsciously all that the scum of England could teach him in the way of villainy and vice.

The New Land

At Port Jackson, he was "assigned" to a Captain Macarthur, an officer of the garrison. In this he was lucky. Macarthur was a man of some skill and initiative, interested in agriculture and stock-rearing. As a farm-hand, Dawkins was of more value to his master than the crowd of pickpockets, forgers, pilferers, and so on, who had been his companions. In time his hands

hardened and his back straightened itself. The climate and the hard work suited him.

But the prison stain was long in passing, for the prison atmosphere pervaded this settlement of some 6000 souls. The convicts could teach little in the way of evil to the soldiers of the garrison. The officers were only jailers on a slightly higher plane. Like the keepers of prisons at home, they had a monopoly of supplies to the convicts. They lent money at high interest. They made huge profits out of the sale of spirits. Enlightened governors like Macquarie, Hunter, and King found their efforts at reform frustrated by the troops. Dawkin's master, Captain Macarthur, even challenged his own commanding officer to a duel because the latter would not break off relations with Governor King, who was trying to remedy abuses.

There were attempts at escape on the part of the convicts. There were cruelties inflicted on the natives. There were serious revolts. There was friction between the authorities and the free-settlers. Every year brought its influx of corruption. By the accession of Queen Victoria, more than 30,000 convicts had been transported.

But time performed its usual miracle. Thousands of the convicts cast off their prison skin and became again the decent folk they had been before appalling social conditions and a

penal system of incredible barbarity had made them its victims. Hundreds of convicts took up free grants of land and acquired not only riches but respect. Scores of them served with distinction in a volunteer defence corps. Barrington, the noted pickpocket, who had stolen the famous Orloff diamond snuff-box worth £40,000, and who had been taken up, not for that, but for mere race-course pocket-picking, became chief constable of Parramatta.

William Dawkins was one of those who prospered. He was given his ticket-of-leave after eight years' servitude. He took up land. He planted and sowed, and, as he had toiled and sweated for others, so now he toiled and sweated for himself.

By his thirtieth birthday, he was able to send home for his wife. By the time she arrived two years later, there was a stone house ready for her to live in, half a dozen cows for her to milk, and an "assigned" pick-pocket for her to order about if she wanted.

CHAPTER XVI

TO CANADA IN THE STEERAGE

The great tide of emigration from Europe to the colonies reached its height in the nineteenth century.

On the one hand, there were new lands which could not be fully developed without a much-increased population. On the other, there were in Europe densely overcrowded areas. Further, many nations, and especially the United Kingdom, had been so busy increasing their manufactures that agriculture was declining.

Men left the fields for the factories. The goods they made had to be sold abroad. The colonies were excellent markets. They would pay in food-stuffs for their machinery and clothing. But they must have farmers to grow the corn and raise the cattle that were to feed the people at home.

So millions of men and women, who could find no livelihood in an overcrowded industrial country that was letting its agriculture perish, flocked to the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Argentine.

The emigrants were by no means all from these islands, however. Great masses of people from the poorer parts of central Europe and Scandinavia left their homes for a land where their industry and courage had more chance of being rewarded.

Between the years 1837 and 1867, over five million people from these islands emigrated. Two million of them were Irish. No fewer than a million and a half left Ireland in the five years following the potato famine of 1847. Nearly a million emigrants went to Australia and New Zealand, three and a half million went to the United States, and three-quarters of a million to Canada.

In 1831, Robert McCulloch, at the age of nineteen, went to Ontario. Besides his parents, he left behind him in the glen that could not support him or them, his married brother John and his sweetheart, Janet Morison.

During the three years that followed his departure, John and Mary McCulloch, by scrimping and scraping, managed to save ten pounds. Janet Morison had five pounds in an old stocking. Early in 1834, news came from Robert. He was not doing badly. He wanted Janet to come and, if John and Mary were ready, she could travel with them. If John came soon, he could probably secure a free grant of land within ten miles of Robert's own holding. The exile sent three hard-earned pounds and half a dozen pages of practical advice which, in the long run, was worth many times three pounds to his brother.

John knew by heart Martin Boyle's *Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada* and his plans had



THE LAST OF ENGLAND

By Ford Madox Brown

Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge

Photo. W. F. Mansell

been made long ago. The Emigration Officer at Glasgow was consulted and a small grant wrung from the Labourers' Relief Emigration Society. Passages were booked in the *Alice Rogers*, 500 tons, advertised to sail from Liverpool on 18th April.

His native caution and shrewdness had secured John McCulloch to some extent against the wiles of those both at home and overseas who sought to profit by the simplicity of the average emigrant. Magnificent prospects and Edens like that of Martin Chuzzlewit had been offered him by enterprising land and emigration agents. Artisans in the exhilarating air of the United States, that Land of Freedom, might be earning £20 a week. Half-starved farm labourers from the British Isles might within two years be owning their thousand acres in Minnesota, which was a paradise on earth.

John had more trust in Brother Robert and in the Province of Ontario.

The Departure

Before the end of the first week of April, he piled into a farm wagon everything he possessed in the world. The journey to Glasgow took three days, during which time, to save expense, the wagon served as an inn for them all. At Glasgow, they boarded a coasting brig. Old

John McCulloch — he was forty-five — who had brought them in the wagon, bade them good-bye without visible emotion, turned his horses' heads and set off home again to finish the potato planting, which alone could save the remainder of the family from starvation.

For five days, the brig wallowed southwards, the passing of every tedious hour adding to John's fears that the emigrant ship would have left Liverpool already, taking with her not only his hopes, but also the £9 deposit paid on the passage money of £3 a head for adults, and £2 for each child. Not until the day before the *Alice Rogers* was due to sail, did they at last reach the Mersey.

Their ship was lying in mid-stream half a mile away. Mary, Janet, and the children sat on the multitudinous baggage to guard it from the horde of riverside thieves who lived on the emigrants, while John went to hire a truck and so save five shillings in transport. By the evening, all the goods were piled on the wharf off which the *Alice Rogers* lay. There were scores of similar heaps belonging to other emigrant families. The ship, after all, would not sail for another two days, and, in accordance with custom, the passengers would not be allowed on board until a few hours before sailing time.

John began to be seriously alarmed. At least

one day had been lost on the journey from Glasgow; three days were to be spent in Liverpool. Now all this time, the little party had been living on the store of food brought from home, which had been nicely calculated to suffice them until they reached Quebec at least six weeks hence. The fare paid did not include food.

The McCullochs had prudently counted on a nine weeks' voyage. They had two sacks of potatoes — which might or might not keep — a side of bacon, four hams, a small keg of salt beef, two boxes of dried fish, a sack of oatmeal, a hundred eggs in salt, and a sack of hard ship's biscuits. The journey south had made inroads in this and stocks had to be replenished.

Near by, were scores of shops supplying emigrants with stores for the voyages. The prices were atrocious, the goods appallingly bad. John and Mary went farther afield and fared better. Besides the shops, there were lodging-houses for emigrants waiting to embark, their owners in league with captains who purposely delayed sailing. The McCullochs camped under a tarpaulin on the wharf, thinking, with much reason, that most of these lodging-houses were too foul for decent folk.

On the afternoon of 21st April, the 130 passengers took up their quarters in the steerage of the *Alice Rogers*, a portion of the main hold

fitted with three tiers of bunks on each side. In a space on the deck below was stowed the heavy baggage. There the McCullochs deposited their cases of spare clothes, carefully locked and corded, the chests of tools, the sets of harness, the bundles of household linen.

The food, the cooking utensils, all that was required during the voyage, had to be kept in or under the bunks. On embarking, Mary and Janet made a rapid inspection of the bedding provided and refused to use it. Less squeamish families took over the discarded mattresses.

At the hour of departure, the great majority of the ship's company, both passengers and crew, were helplessly drunk. The farewell orgies on shore were prolonged aboard. Weeping, shrieking, cursing, groaning, singing, fighting, the noise of breaking spirit bottles, the rattling of tin utensils scattered by the ever-increasing motion of the ship, the creaking of timbers, the yells of the sailors, the whistling of the rising wind through the rigging, the crash of seas breaking on deck, the distress of sea-sickness, the air so foul below the battened hatches that the flame of the single lantern burned blue, the discomfort of lying on bare planks — all this made the first night on board the most hideous experience that the McCullochs and their fellow unfortunates would ever know.

The Voyage

A week later the emigrants had settled down. The intense discomfort, the lack of privacy, the dirt, the stench that advertised miles away the presence of an emigrant ship, the hourly contact with debased, debauched, and drunken men and women, were, if not tolerated, at least suffered with resignation. Some sort of rudimentary discipline now prevailed in the steerage, a discipline strengthened by the fear of the captain. He was a brutal man who had been thrown out of work by the decline in the slave-trade, and had adopted slaver methods in dealing with his passengers. To him they were of much less importance than a cargo of negroes would have been, since they brought him only £3 a head and actually required a little more space than niggers. True, he had not to feed them and he could, and did, make a nice little profit by selling them inferior spirits at superior prices. There were other profits, too. Many of the emigrants were simple, feckless people. Many of them had under-estimated the length of the journey. An emigrant who brought provisions calculated to last a mere six weeks might, long before reaching the St. Lawrence at the end of a protracted voyage, require to buy additional food. Many a man landed at Quebec completely destitute,

having even parted with most of his clothes to the captain or the mates in exchange for the coarsest food sold at the price of luxuries.

The McCullochs soon learnt that they must never leave their stores unwatched. They had even to stand guard over the food cooking in the frying pan over the emigrants' fire, which was kept burning on deck. One had to be strong and resolute to use the fire at all. In bad weather it could not be lighted, and for days on end the miserable people lived on cold, half-raw provisions, or mouldy biscuits. Often it was necessary to bribe the sailor in charge of the fire before being allowed to approach it.

John and his family were fortunate in that they were spared the common experience of a typhus outbreak on board. No surgeon was carried, and the only help in sickness was that afforded by an ignorant captain's ill-found medicine chest.

Reforms

Those emigrants who went later on fared better. In 1835 conditions had become terrible, and disastrous wrecks so frequent, that the Government stepped in. In future, emigrant ships had to be surveyed and found seaworthy. If more than 100 people were carried, a surgeon must accompany them. The sale of spirits aboard

was restricted, and, if the ship did not sail on the appointed day, the owners had to provide food for the waiting passengers.

Five years later, Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners were appointed to supervise the traffic. In 1842, a law was passed to prevent overcrowding, and it was enacted that food must be included in the price of the ticket. The food was issued raw, by the way, and the old abuses of the emigrants' galley persisted for many years longer.

But it was the advent of the steamship that did most to improve conditions. By 1840 the Cunard Company had four steamers running, and twenty years later only one emigrant in seven went by sailing ship.

Arrival

It was a chastened and depressed family for whom Robert McCulloch waited in mid-June on the wharf at Quebec. But John still had seven guineas stitched in the waist-band of his breeches. Janet's five pounds were intact, only one box of clothes had been rifled, the linen was not too mildewed, and the excitement of landing made the family forget even that they were hungry.

By ox-wagon and canoe they reached in a week their Promised Land. That summer they lived in tents and nearly starved. Within a year, they

had a comfortable log house and an acre of cleared land. Two years later, having by then an ox-team, a cow in milk, and a crop of oats ready for the scythe, John sent home for the rest of the family.

And that's how Canada grew.

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